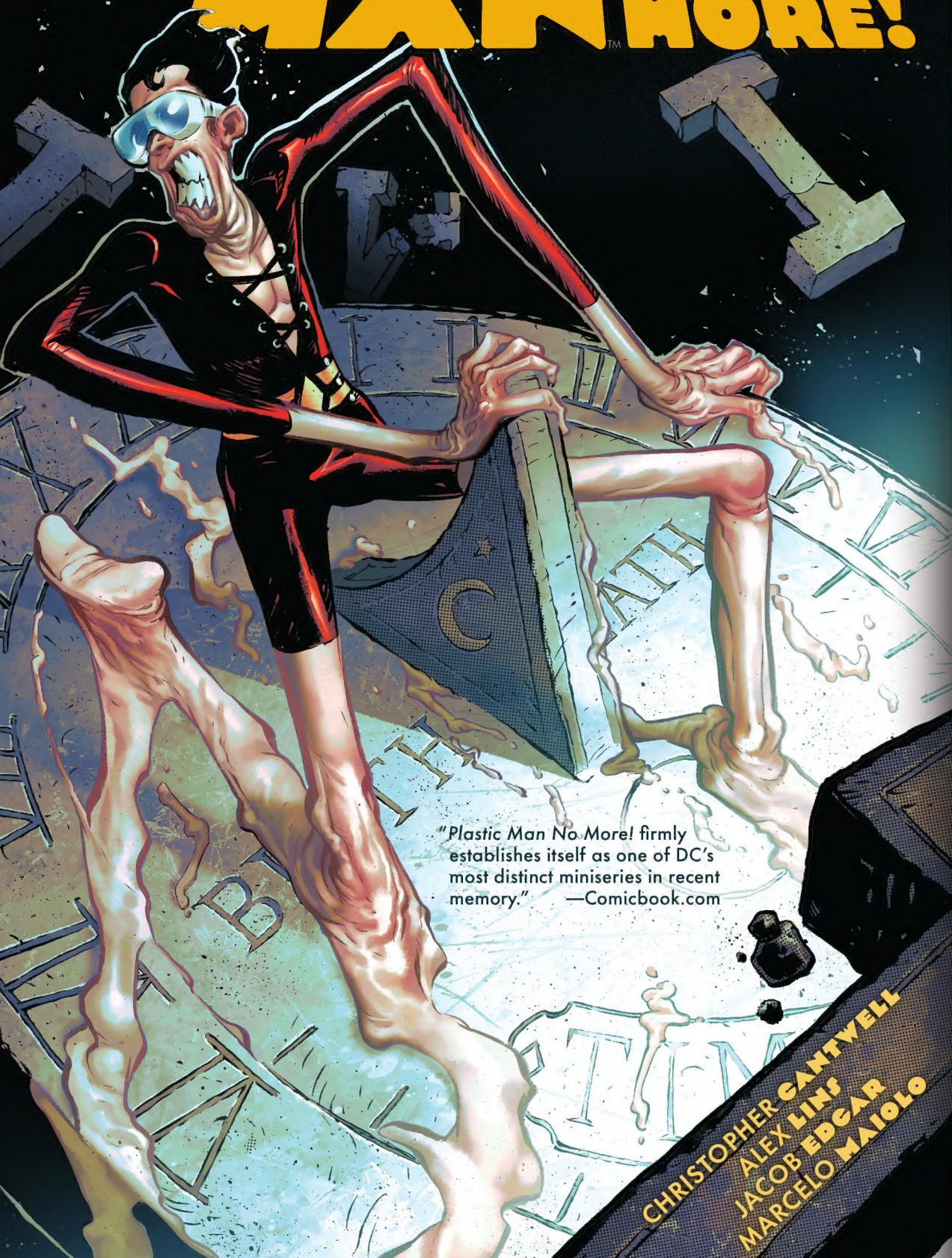




PLASTIC MAN NO MORE!



"Plastic Man No More! firmly establishes itself as one of DC's most distinct miniseries in recent memory." —Comicbook.com

CHRISTOPHER CANTWELL
ALEX LINS
JACOB EDGAR
MARCELO MAIOLO

"...a surprisingly emotional and grim take on the cost of being an outlier with quirky abilities."—Nerd Initiative

"...the vibe Plastic Man is best known for, but with an added tone of dark absurdity that helps it slide into Black Label seamlessly."—Geek Dad

"...not just worth reading; it's worth recommending to anyone a reader can find."—AIPT

**"THIS IS HOW YOU DON'T
END UP LIKE ME, LUKE."**



Eel O'Brian might be a superhero now—but before he was anything else, he was a crook. Until the accident that turned him into the pliable Plastic Man, Eel was bad to the bone...and just because he no longer has bones doesn't mean that's not still true. When an incident on a Justice League mission leads to catastrophic cellular damage, Plastic Man discovers he just might be out of time to make amends for the past he's tried hard to outrun—or to save the soul of his son, who (unfortunately for him) might have inherited more from dear old Dad than just his superpowers...

The Eisner-nominated creative team of **Christopher Cantwell** (*Briar*, *Doctor Doom*, *Halt and Catch Fire*) and **Alex Lins** (*Monarch*) brings you the five words you thought you'd never read: body-horror Plastic Man noir!



KID,
I'M...IT'S
CRAZY.

I
THINK I'M
DYING.



**PLASTIC
MAN NO
MORE!**



PLASTIC MAN NO MORE!

CHRISTOPHER CANTWELL
WRITER

ALEX LINS & JACOB EDGAR
ARTISTS

MARCELO MAIOLO
COLORIST

BECCA CAREY
LETTERER

ALEX LINS & MARCELO MAIOLO
COLLECTION COVER ARTISTS

SUPERMAN CREATED BY **JERRY SIEGEL** AND **JOE SHUSTER**
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PLASTIC MAN NO MORE!

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**“EEL, MY FRIEND...WHY
AIN'T YOU LAUGHIN'?”**



MAMMOTH CITY.
YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

LOOK
AT THESE
PEOPLE. PICTURE-
PERFECT, EH,
WOOZY?

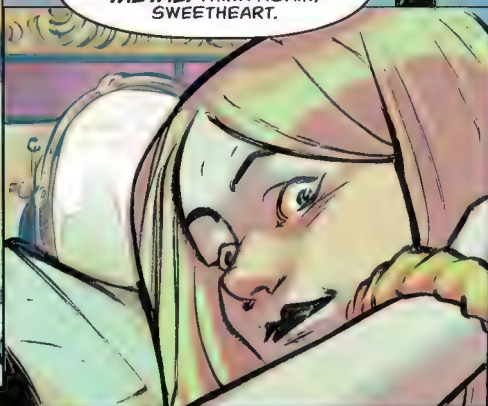
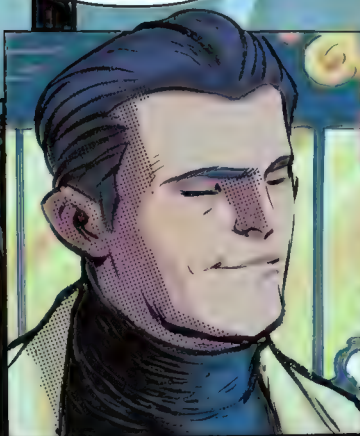
MR. MILLION-
DOLLAR SMILE
OVER HERE. I'M
BETTIN' LAWYER. OR
SOME *CORPORATE*
SMUDGE, CORNER
OFFICE, GOT THE
KEYS FROM
DADDY.

AND
HER. HOMECOMING
QUEEN THINKS LOVE IS A
BUNCHA *SHINY ROCKS* AND
METAL. THINK AGAIN,
SWEETHEART.

YUP.
NOTHIN' BUT
WEDDING BELLS,
FANCY DINNERS, AND
TRIPS TO *PARIS* FOR
THESE TWO. I'M
TELLIN' YA,
WOOZY...

GEMS

by Crabtree



...SOME
PEOPLE GOT
IT *WAY* TOO
EASY.

YOU
SOUND
ANGRY.

NOPE.
I THINK IT'S
HILARIOUS.

THEN,
EEL, MY FRIEND,
WHY AIN'T YOU
LAUGHIN'?

'CAUSE,
WOOZY.

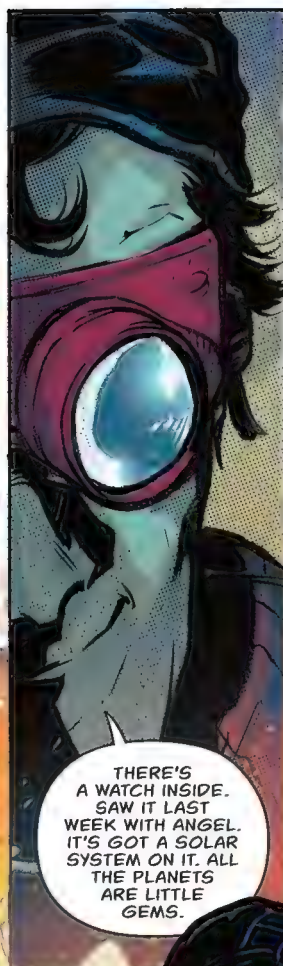


I'M THE
PUNCHLINE.

GEMS
by Crabtree



GET YOUR
GOGGLES ON.
GONNA BE A LOT
OF FLYING
GLASS.

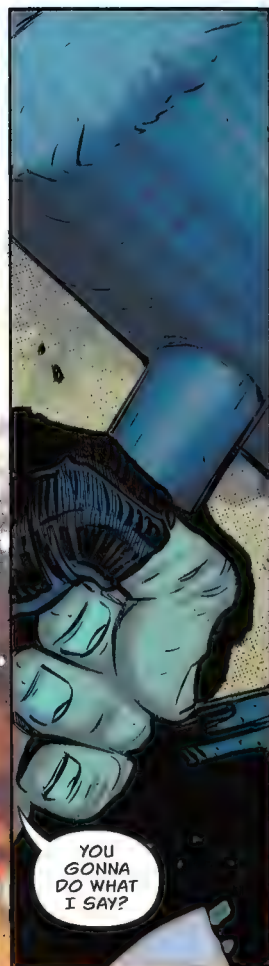


THERE'S
A WATCH INSIDE.
SAW IT LAST
WEEK WITH ANGEL.
IT'S GOT A SOLAR
SYSTEM ON IT. ALL
THE PLANETS
ARE LITTLE
GEMS.



LET'S
MAKE SURE
WE GRAB IT. I
WANNA GIVE IT
TO HER.

YOU GONNA
TELL HER IT'S
STOLEN?



YOU
GONNA
DO WHAT
I SAY?



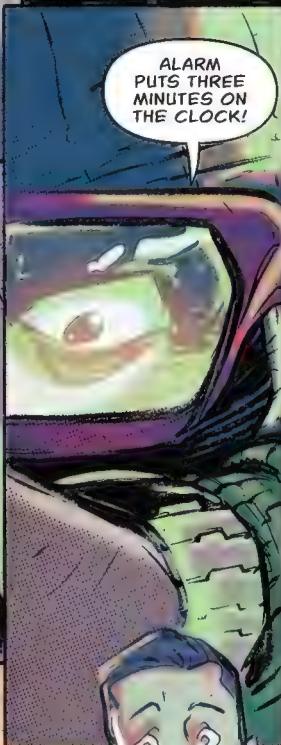
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN!



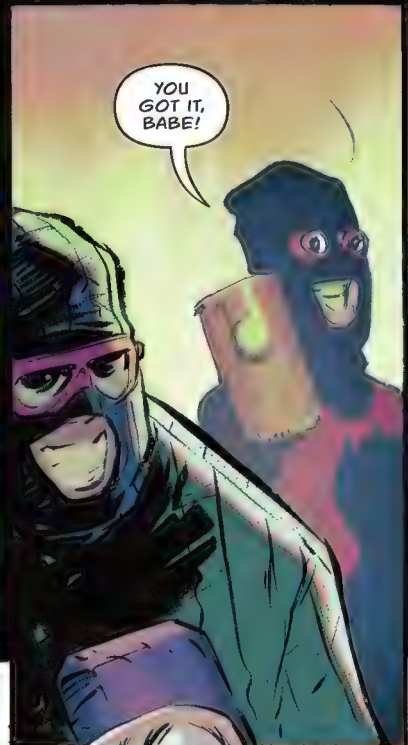
PLEASE
RISE AND GIVE
A WARM WELCOME
TO YOUR MAMMOTH
CITY JEWEL
THIEVES!



BURGLARS!
WE'RE BEING
BURGLED!



ALARM
PUTS THREE
MINUTES ON
THE CLOCK!



YOU
GOT IT,
BABE!



HEY NOW,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK--

DON'T BE
A HERO, PAL. I
DOUBT IT'D FIT ON
YOUR IMPRESSIVE
RESUME.



YOINK.



WHERE'S
THAT WATCH?

WHAT?

THE
SOLAR SYSTEM
WATCH, WHERE
IS IT?

NO
IDEA, BUD.
WE GOTTA
SCRAM--

NO!

TWO
MINUTES!

RUMMA



WHERE IS IT?
SOLAR SYSTEM
WATCH, PLANETS
ARE LITTLE
GEMS?

I DON'T...
I DON'T
KNOW--



WHERE
IS IT?!

HEY,
WE GOTTA
GO!



GET
YOUR HANDS
OFF ME!



I'M
GONNA
FIND IT.



LET'S
GO!

GEMS
by Crabtree

HEY,
I THINK
WE'RE---

HRR

RRK!

--HOME
FREE...

FREEZE!

WELL, I'LL
BE, PATRICK
O'BRIAN.

"SLICK AS
AN EEL." ISZAT
RIGHT?

MY
ASS.



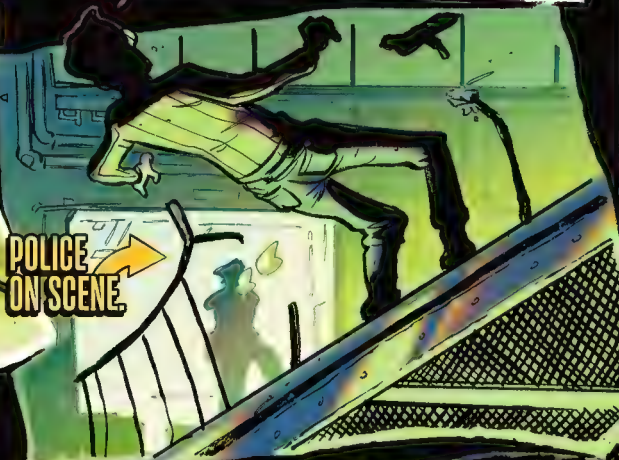
PRISON.



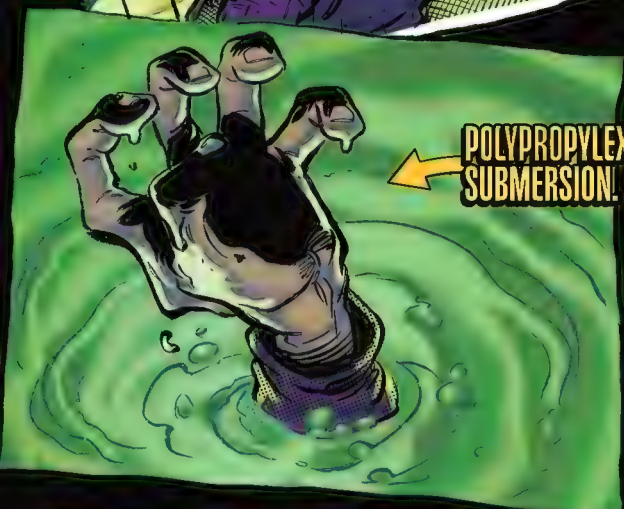
PAROLE.



PAROLE VIOLATION
(17TH OFFENSE).



POLICE
ON SCENE.



POLYPROPYLEXENOL
SUBMERSION.



PLASTICIZATION.



POWER...

...AND PARTNERSHIP.



Angel.

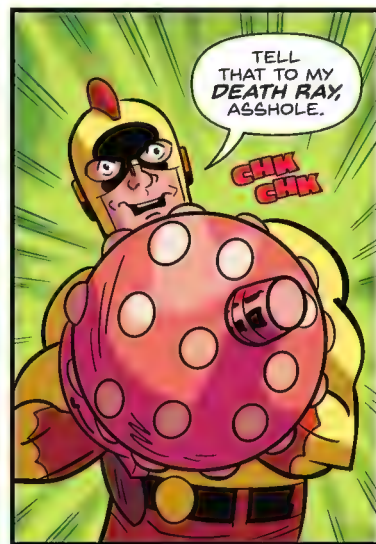
Patrick.

Li'l Luke.

HE IS

PLASTIC MAN™

Twenty years later.





MAMMOTH CITY.

JUSTICE LEAGUE
TRANSPORTER
TUBE.

YEAH...I
REALLY AM TOO
MUCH...YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU ARE,
DIANA?

A SNOT.
YEAH, WHY
DONTCHA
ASK YOUR
LASSO...

AND HAL
NEEDS TO BE
SOME KINDA
HANDSOME
GREEN
GOD...

YOU HAVE...NO.
NEW, VOICE-MAIL
MESSAGES.

WHICH
SUPERMAN
DOESN'T LIKE,
BECAUSE HE'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE GOD...

BARRY'S
A JOCK--

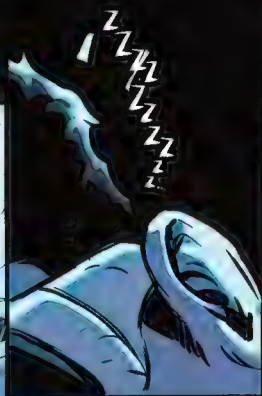
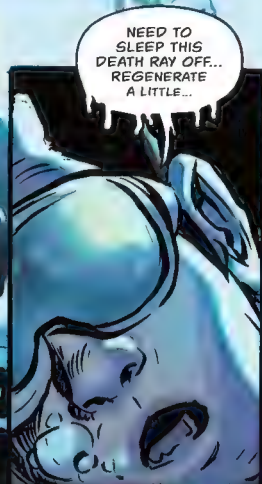
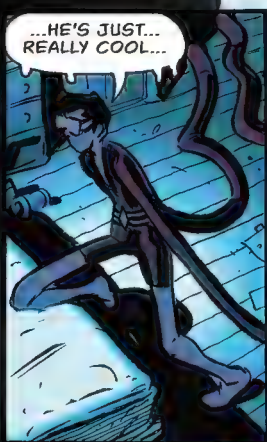
BILLS,
BILLS, BILLS,
WONDERFUL,
MORE BILLS--

--ARTHUR
SMELLS LIKE
THE WORST
SECTION OF
THE GROCERY
STORE...

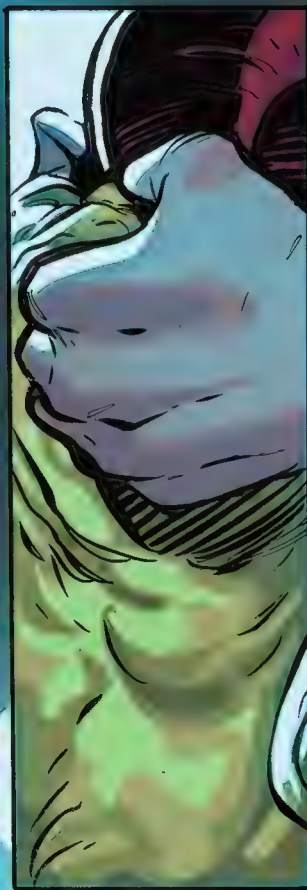
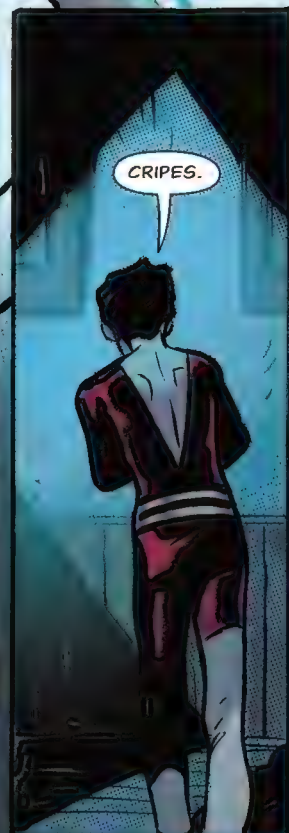
GREAT,
NO OJ...

AND
BATMAN
IS...

...I
MEAN, HE'S
JUST...









PATRICK.

I'M SORRY TO
HEAR ABOUT YOUR
HAND. IT SOUNDS
SERIOUS.

YOU WOULDN'T
KNOW IT FROM THE
WAY THEY WERE
LAUGHING IN
THERE.

BELIEVE ME, I
UNDERSTAND. THEY
DON'T PAY ATTENTION
TO **ME** VERY MUCH,
EITHER.

YEAH...

BUT I **DID**
MANAGE TO GET
BATMAN'S ATTENTION
AFTER YOU LEFT, AND
I BELIEVE I WAS
ABLE TO CONVEY THE
SERIOUSNESS OF
YOUR SITUATION.

OH.
THANKS,
BOBO...

HE
SAID YOU MIGHT
WANT TO CONSULT A
PETROLEUM CHEMIST
INSTEAD OF A
DOCTOR.





PETROLEUM?

OIL.
PLASTICS. ET
CETERA.



HE
RECOMMENDED
ONE AT WAYNE
INDUSTRIES THAT HE
SAID IS FAIRLY
SHARP.



THANKS FOR PAYING ATTENTION.
US FOLKS IN THE **CHEAP
SEATS** GOTTA LOOK OUT
FOR EACH OTHER,
RIGHT?



CHEAP
SEATS.



IT'S...JUST
SOMETHING MY
DAD USED TO SAY...
LOOK, HE WAS A
DRUNK.

GET
YOURSELF
CHECKED
OUT, PATRICK.
YOUR BAG'S
FULL.

I WILL,
BOBO.
THANKS.

SHEESH...

"IT SEEMS THE PHOTODEGRADATION YOU
EXPERIENCED HAS GIVEN WAY TO RAPID
THERMO-OXIDATIVE DEGRADATION."



THIS HAS CULMINATED IN A TYPE OF END-CHAIN SCISSION OF YOUR POLYMER MAKEUP.

GEE. LOT OF FIVE-DOLLAR WORDS, DOC.

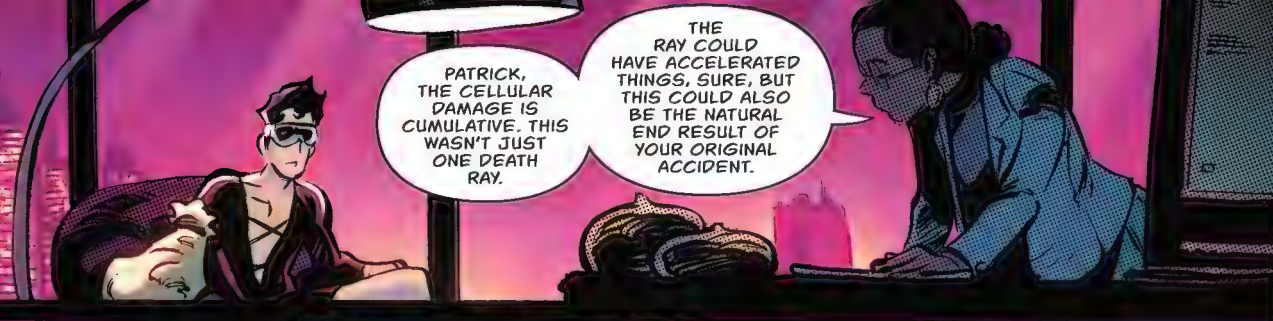
PATRICK, YOU'RE DEPOLYMERIZING. YOU'RE MOLECULARLY COMING APART.

Dr. Vera M
CHIEF SCIE

WHOA. HA. OKAY. WHAT'S THE TREATMENT, THEN?

FROM WHAT I CAN TELL, THERE IS NONE. THE SCISSION IS IRREVERSIBLE.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



PATRICK,
THE CELLULAR
DAMAGE IS
CUMULATIVE. THIS
WASN'T JUST
ONE DEATH
RAY.

THE
RAY COULD
HAVE ACCELERATED
THINGS. SURE, BUT
THIS COULD ALSO
BE THE NATURAL
END RESULT OF
YOUR ORIGINAL
ACCIDENT.



HA!

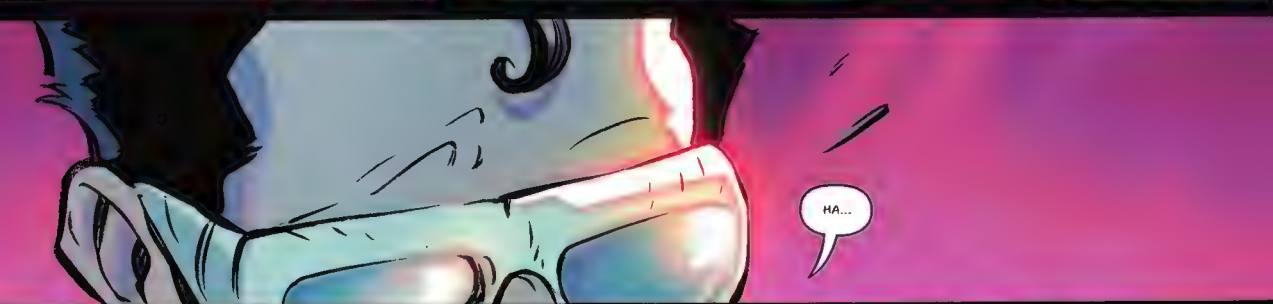


HAHA!

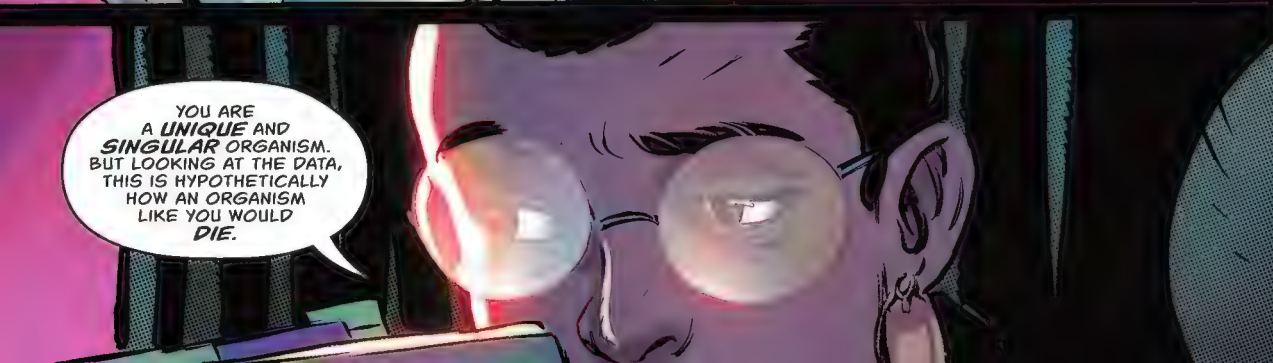
OKAY!
OKAY, DOC--
VERA, RIGHT?
IT'S VERA? LET'S
BE SERIOUS FOR
A SECOND.



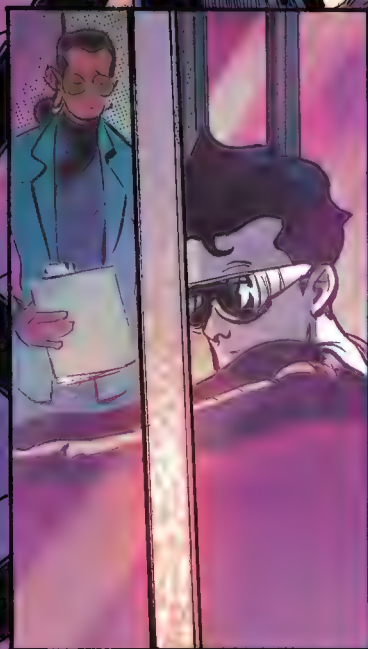
I AM BEING
SERIOUS.



HA...



YOU ARE
A **UNIQUE** AND
SINGULAR ORGANISM.
BUT LOOKING AT THE DATA,
THIS IS HYPOTHETICALLY
HOW AN ORGANISM
LIKE YOU WOULD
DIE.



GOTTA CHANGE OUT
THE BAG AGAIN. BUT I
DON'T WANNA THROW
ANY OF MYSELF AWAY.

ALL THE SAME.
WHAT'S WORTH
KEEPING?

THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE SAYS
I'M IN, ANGEL. AN'
SINCE I'M SUCH A
TERRIBLE CROOK,
MAYBE I'LL MAKE A
HALFWAY-DECENT
HERO...

WOW,
PATRICK. THAT'S
THE BIG TIME!
THINGS COULD
FINALLY CHANGE
FOR US...

FOOL.

HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA

HEY...!
HEY!

SCHMUCK.

PATRICK...I'M
PREGNANT.

OH
WOW. HE'S
JUST...HE'S JUST
LIKE HIS OL'
MAN...

FREAK.

HERE, I...
I GOTTA GO, THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE...
DUTY CALLS...

PATRICK...?

LOSER.

OH
GOD...OH
GOD...

COWARD.



IT'S EMPTY, SWEETIE...PATRICK, YOU WANNA GIVE ME A HAND HERE?

WAAAAAAA!

YEAH, SORRY, AS IT TURNS OUT, HONEST WORK'S EVEN HARDER WORK. I'M PRETTY BEAT, ANGEL.

ASSHOLE.

YOU'RE A REAL PIECE OF WORK, O'BRIAN, YOU KNOW THAT?

DADDY!

LATER, KID.

FAILURE.

AH GOD, LUKE...

OH MY GOD.

LUKE.



SKRSH

SLURSH





WHAT DO YOU WANT, DAD?

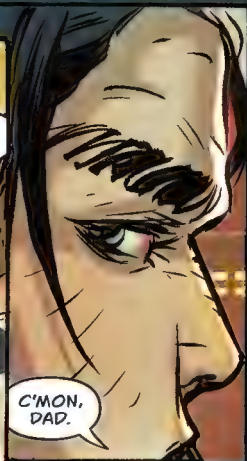
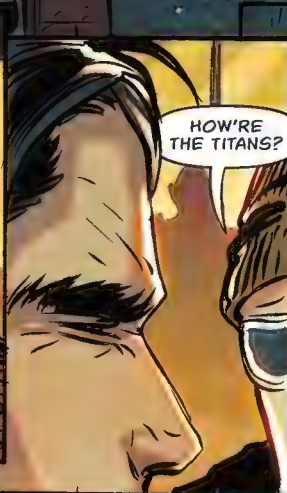
DYING-ING-ING

LUKE, SIT DOWN. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

C'MON. HAVE A SEAT. PLEASE.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

YOU ALREADY SAID THAT.



I'M
DEPOLYMERIZING.
LIKE MY MOLECULES ARE
COMING APART. DOC SAID--
WELL, SHE'S A PETROLEUM
CHEMIST, ACTUALLY--SHE SAID IT
MIGHT'VE BEEN A LONG TIME
COMING. LIKE AN, UH...
EVENTUALITY.

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

LIKE I HAD
A FEW GOOD
YEARS AFTER THE
ACCIDENT, LOTTA
LAUGHS, BUT
NOW...



I THINK
MY TOES ARE
STARTING TO
GO, TOO...
I HATE WET
SOCKS.

DAD...

LOOK,
LOOGIE--

PLEASE
DON'T CALL
ME THAT.

LUKE. I
KNOW I WASN'T
A GOOD DAD. NOT
SURE IF I WAS A GOOD
ANYTHING. BUT I
NEEDED TO TELL
YOU.



WHY?

BECAUSE
YOU'RE MY
SON.

IS THAT
SO?

PLEASE
DON'T HURT
ME RIGHT NOW. I
DON'T THINK I
CAN HANDLE
THAT.

COULD
THIS...COULD
THIS HAPPEN TO
ME, TOO?

SEE, THAT'S
WHAT I'M WORRIED
ABOUT. I WANT YOU TO
TALK TO THIS DOCTOR,
THIS CHEMIST, MENLO.
HAVE HER TAKE A
LOOK AT YOU.



NO. NO.
I'M NOT DOING
THIS.

LISTEN, SON,
I HAD A GOOD
GO OF IT, OH WELL,
BUT I COULDN'T
BEAR TO SEE
YOU--

DON'T
CALL ME THAT,
EITHER.

WHAT?

SON. I'M
DONE TALKING
ABOUT THIS.

AT LEAST
PROMISE ME
YOU'LL GET
CHECKED
OUT.

DON'T
TELL MOM. I
MEAN IT.

LUKE!





MOMMY,
DON'T LET
GO!

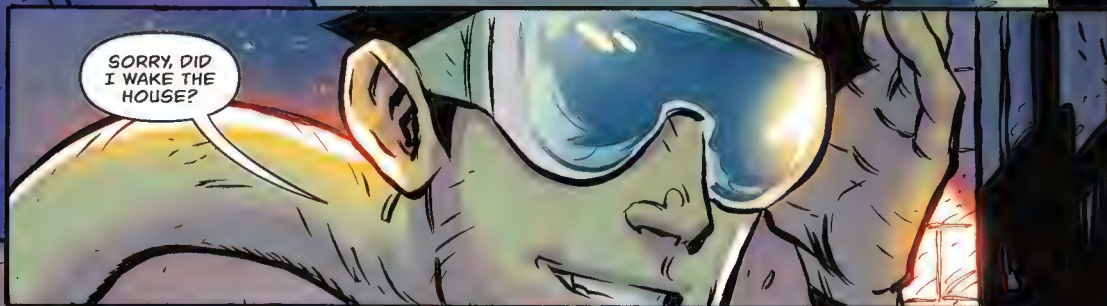


YOU
GOT IT,
KATIE! YOU
GOT IT!



KNOCK
KNOCK

DOC?
VERA? YOU
IN THERE?
I NEED A
FAVOR!



SORRY, DID
I WAKE THE
HOUSE?



NO,
THERE'S
NO ONE
HERE--

IS THERE ANY
WAY--HOWEVER
THEORY-WISE,
THEORY-LIKE, WHAT IS
IT, THEORETICAL--THAT
THIS **DEPOLYMERIZING**
CRAP CAN BE
REVERSED?



I MEAN...
THE ONLY THING
THAT COULD
PERMANENTLY
REBIND YOUR
POLYMER CHAIN
WOULD BE A RADICAL
FUSION REACTION OF
INCREDIBLE
MAGNITUDE.



I DON'T GIVE
A FLYIN' FIG ABOUT
MY MOLECULES. BUT SAY
THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE.
ANOTHER ONE OF THESE
UNIQUE, SINGULAR ORGAN-
ISMS LIKE ME. WOULD IT
WORK ON THEM,
TOO?

POSSIBLY.
IT COULD HALT AND
LIKELY **REVERSE** ANY
MOLECULAR DEGRADATION.
THAT IS, IF THEIR GENETIC
MAKEUP WAS SIMILAR
TO YOURS.



OH, IT'S **REAL**
SIMILAR.

BUT, PATRICK,
TO GENERATE THAT
SIZE OF FUSION
REACTION...



...YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT BUILDING
THE MOST **POWERFUL**
THERMONUCLEAR DEVICE
IN HISTORY AND SETTING IT
OFF WITH YOU--OR, YOU KNOW,
THIS **UNIQUE, SINGULAR**
ORGANISM--AT THE
EPICENTER OF
THE BLAST.

THE
LIKELIHOOD OF
BEING **COMPLETELY**
OBLITERATED IS **MUCH**
HIGHER THAN ANY
CHANCE OF CELLULAR
REPAIR.



YOU'RE
SAYING I
GOTTA BUILD A
HUGE NUCLEAR
BOMB.





OKAY.
SOUNDS
GOOD.
LET'S
DO THAT.

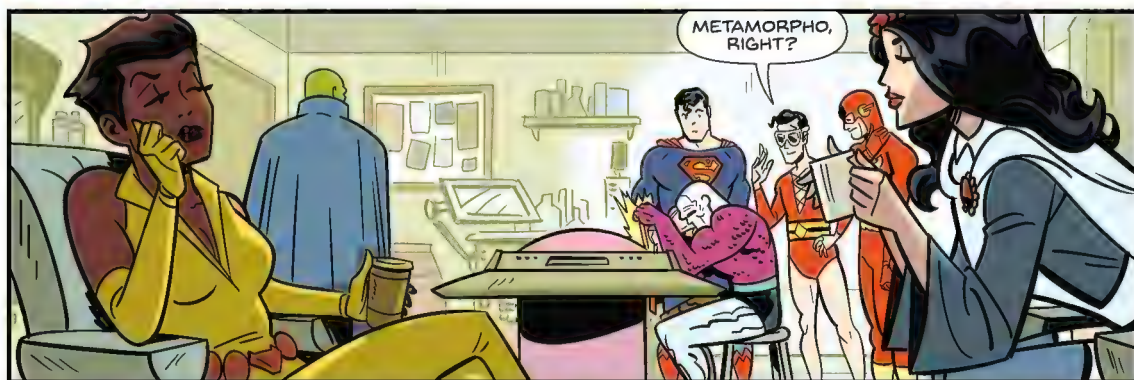
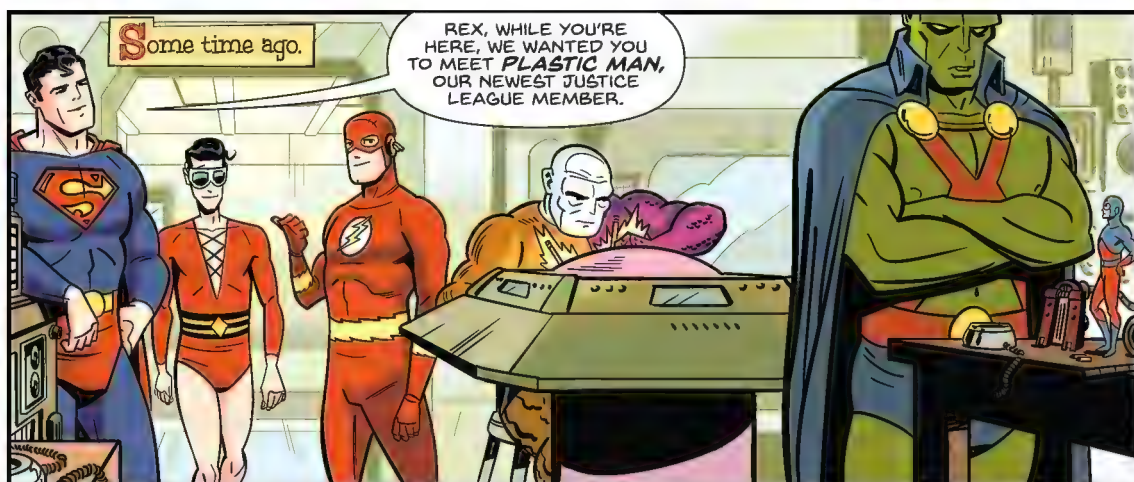
ONE WAY

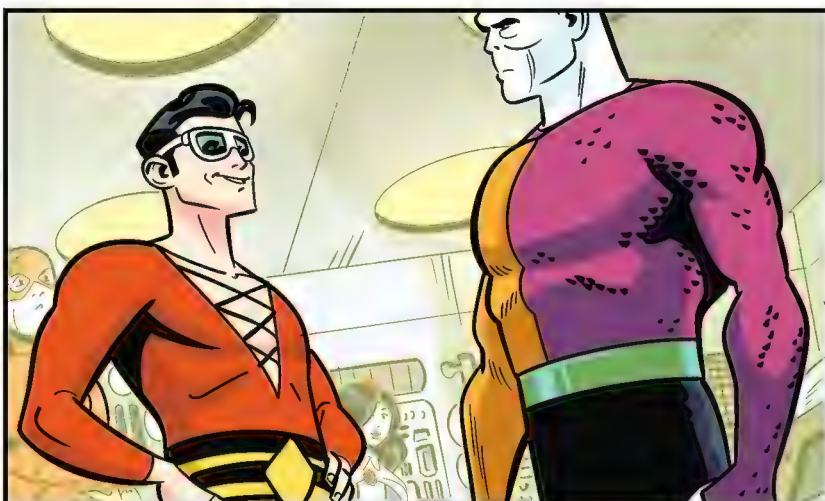
TO BE CONTINUED.



**“THE LEAGUE THINKS I’M A
JOKE. ALWAYS HAS.”**









HEY, BABE,
HOW WAS
WORK?

MORE
HEROES. MORE
JUDGMENT.

MORE
OF THE
SAME.

LEMME
SEE THIS
KID. MY LI'L
LOOGIE.

I CAN'T
THINK OF
A **WORSE**
NICKNAME
FOR YOUR
SON.



HE'S
GOT MY
EYES.

HOW
CAN YOU
TELL?

YOU'RE
A GOOD KID,
LUKE. AND
HEY, AT LEAST
IN THAT
WAY...

...YOU'RE
DIFFERENT
FROM YOUR
OL' MAN.

NOW!

EEL,
MY FRIEND,
YOU DON'T
LOOK TOO
GOOD.

YEAH,
WELL, WOZZY,
I DON'T *FEEL*
TOO GOOD,
EITHER.

HOW YOU
EVEN HOLDIN'
YOURSELF
TOGETHER
AT ALL?

SHEER WILL.
BUT IT'S GETTING
HARDER EVERY
DAY.

HENCE
THE PLAN.





I WANNA HELP YOU.

YOU ARE HELPING ME, WOOLY.

BUT THIS IS A HEIST, EEL. THIS IS A DANG KIDNAPPING. THIS IS **THE OL' DAYS**. WHY YOU WANNA MESS AROUND WITH THIS GARBAGE?

'CAUSE I GOT NO OTHER OPTIONS.



C'MON, YOU GOT THE JUSTICE LEAGUE! YOU GOT FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES. YOU GOT--



THE LEAGUE THINKS I'M A JOKE. ALWAYS HAS.

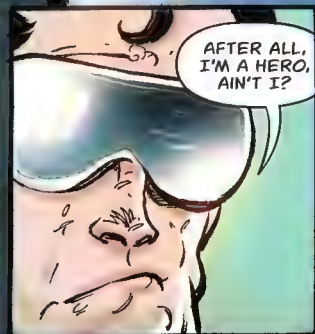
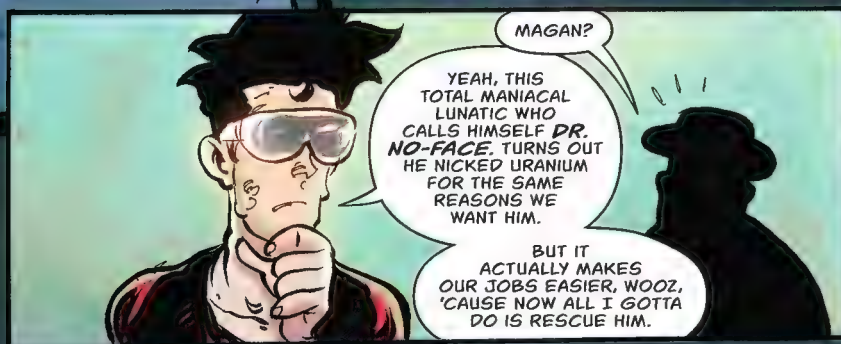
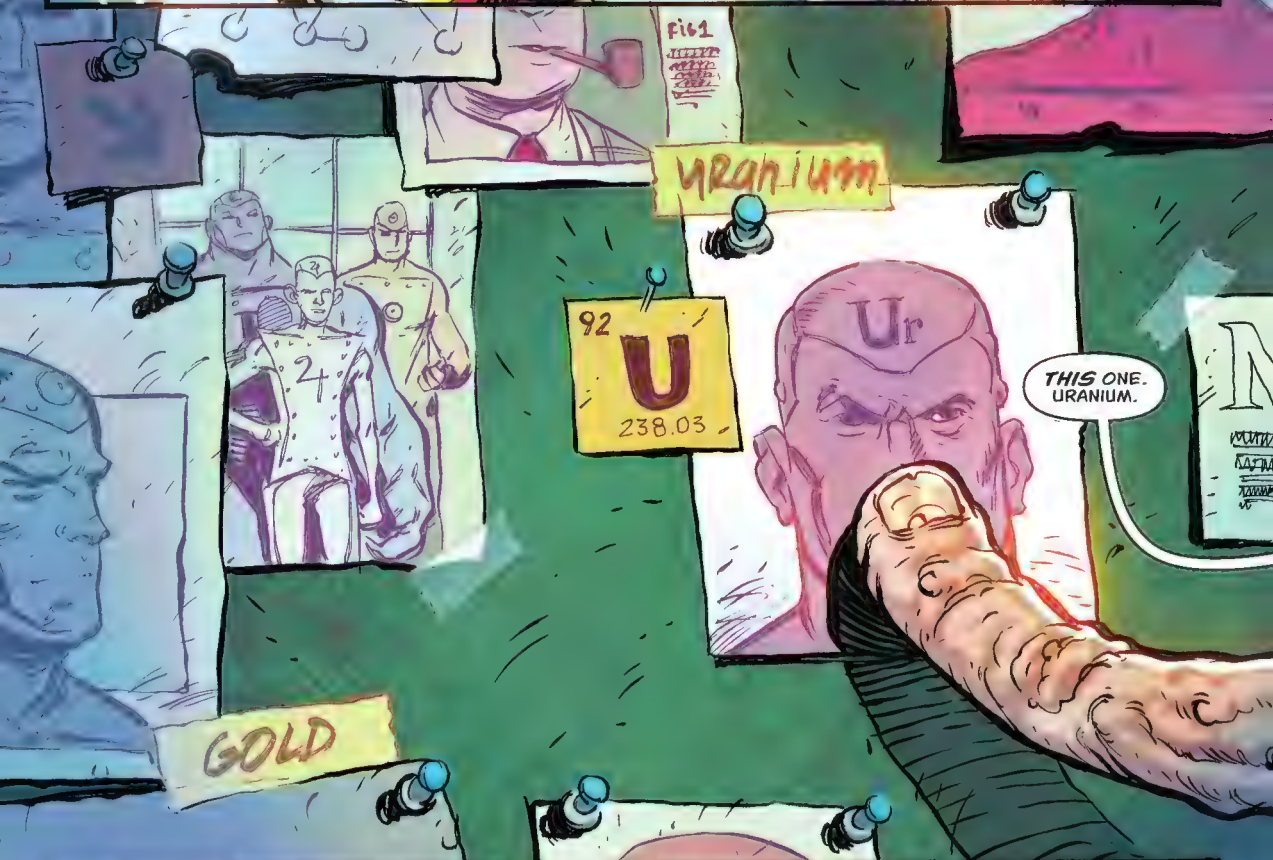
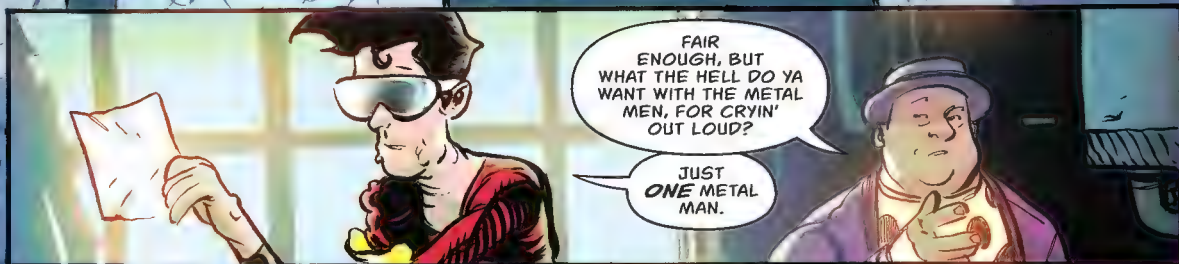
I **GOT** NO OTHER OPTION.



I JUS' DON'T SEE HOW YOU SAVE YOURSELF BY GOIN' CROOKED AGAIN. NOT AFTER ALL YOU BEEN THROUGH.

THIS ISN'T ABOUT ME.

THIS IS ABOUT LUKE. THIS IS ABOUT MAKING SURE THE SAME THING DOESN'T HAPPEN TO HIM.





GEE, EEL, WE
STOLE A LOTTA
THINGS TOGETHER,
BUT NEVER NO
SENTIENT FISSILE
MATERIAL.

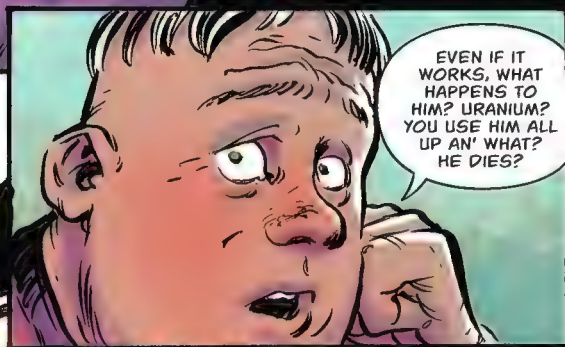
IT'S GOTTA
BE HIM. HE'S THE
ONLY KNOWN AMOUNT
LARGE ENOUGH TO
CREATE THE KIND
OF BOMB I
NEED.



GEE, WE
AIN'T NEVER
DONE THAT,
NEITHER.

FIRST
TIME FOR
EVERYTHING,
I GUESS.

SKRCH
SKRCH



EVEN IF IT
WORKS, WHAT
HAPPENS TO
HIM? URANIUM?
YOU USE HIM ALL
UP AN' WHAT?
HE DIES?

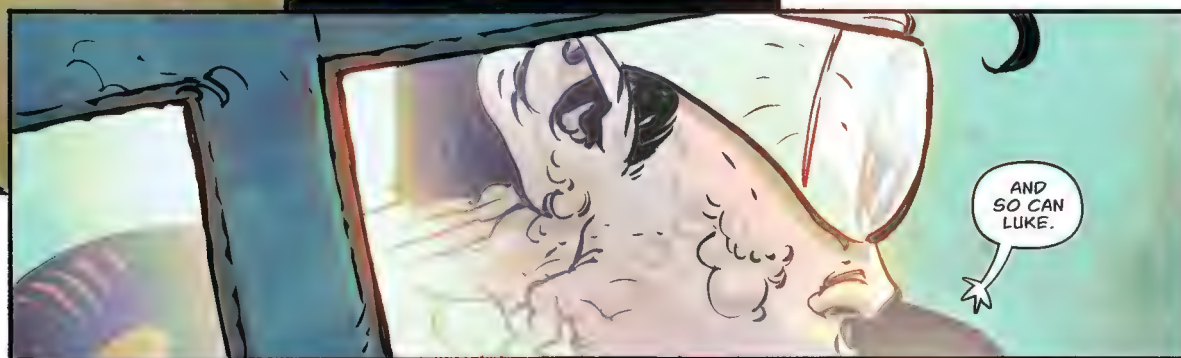


NO, NO, NO, NO.

IF THERE'S
EVEN A TRACE AMOUNT
LEFT OF THE GUY, MAGNUS
CAN REGENERATE HIM. HE'S
DONE IT WITH ALL THE METAL
MEN **ZILLIONS** OF TIMES.
THEY BASICALLY
CAN'T DIE.



BUT
I CAN.



AND
SO CAN
LUKE.









WE'LL
REGROUP IN
THE A.M., FIRST
THING.

MAN,
ARE YOU
OKAY?

YEAH,
I'M FINE.

YOU
SURE ABOUT
THAT?



YOU'RE
GETTING
WORSE.

EH...DARKEST
BEFORE THE DAWN,
AMIRIGHT?



ANY LUCK
WITH THAT
PETROLEUM
CHEMIST?

YEAH,
THERE'S A, UH...
**TREATMENT
PLAN** IN PLACE.
I'LL PULL
THROUGH.

YOU'RE
CERTAIN YOU
CAN HANDLE THIS?
PERHAPS YOU
COULD USE ONE
MORE ON YOUR
TEAM--

NO, NO,
I'M GOOD.
SERIOUSLY.

I GOT
ALL THOSE
METAL GUYS...
WE'RE GONNA
NAIL IT. PIECE
OF CAKE.



JUST LET
ME KNOW,
PATRICK...

I'M
AROUND...

MAMMOTH CITY
BOARDWALK.

NO
MORE
BETS.

RED
27.

HEY YO,
ANGIE. PHONE.
CHANGE OUT
AND MAKE IT
QUICK.

YEAH?

MOM,
IT'S ME.

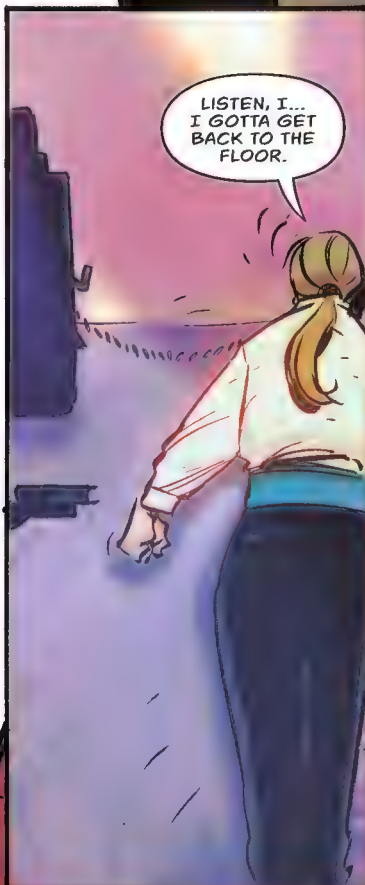
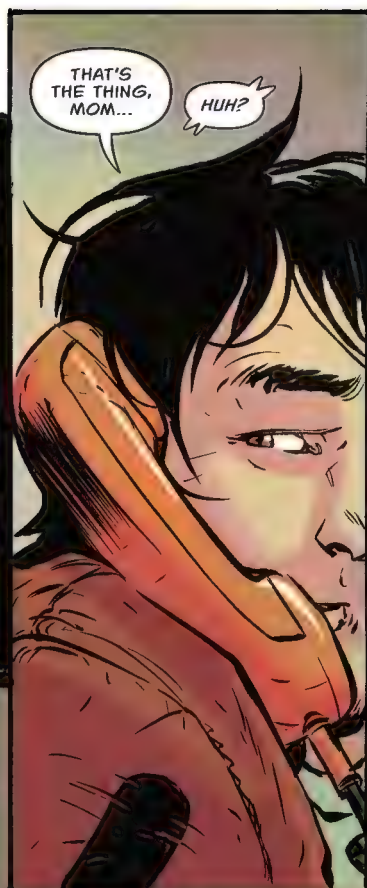
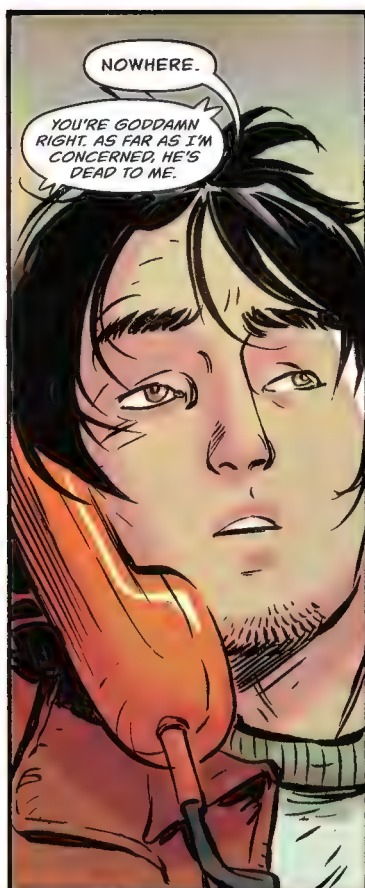
LUKE?
WHAT'S
GOING ON?
YOU PULLED
ME OFF THE
DAMN
FLOOR.

IT'S,
UM. IT'S
DAD.

NOPE,
NUH-UH, I'M
NOT DOIN' THIS
TODAY--

MOM,
HE'S IN
TROUBLE.

LIKE I
GIVE A SHIT. HOW
MANY TIMES WE
BEEN IN TROUBLE,
YOU AN' ME?





NO. NO
WAY IN HELL
I'M DOING
THAT.



NICE
LI'L DANISH
DUCK.

C'MON,
DOC, IT
WAS YOUR
IDEA.

IT WAS A
HYPOTHETICAL
SOLUTION TO YOUR
TERRIBLE SITUATION,
WITH WHICH I CERTAINLY
SYMPATHIZE. BUT I
STRESS--**HYPOTHETICAL.**



LOOK, VERA,
I CAN GET THE
URANIUM NO
PROBLEM.

WHAT I
CAN'T DO IS
RIG UP A PERFECT
FUSION REACTION
THAT REBINDS
MY POLYMER
MOLECULES OR
WHATEVER-THE-
CHRIST--



YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT
THREADING
A NEEDLE.

PLEASE
DON'T PLAY
WITH THAT.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
THREADING?



TOO MUCH
ONE WAY RESULTS
IN YOU BEING
VAPORIZED.

YOU GO TOO
FAR IN THE **OTHER**
DIRECTION, YOU END UP
SOLIDIFYING INTO A
USELESS MASS.



SOME
MIGHT SAY I
ALREADY **AM**
A USELESS
MASS.

HEH.



I
CAN'T HELP
YOU.

I'M
SORRY.
YOU SHOULD
LEAVE
NOW.

I ALREADY
TOLD YOU THIS
ISN'T FOR ME.
THIS IS FOR
MY SON.

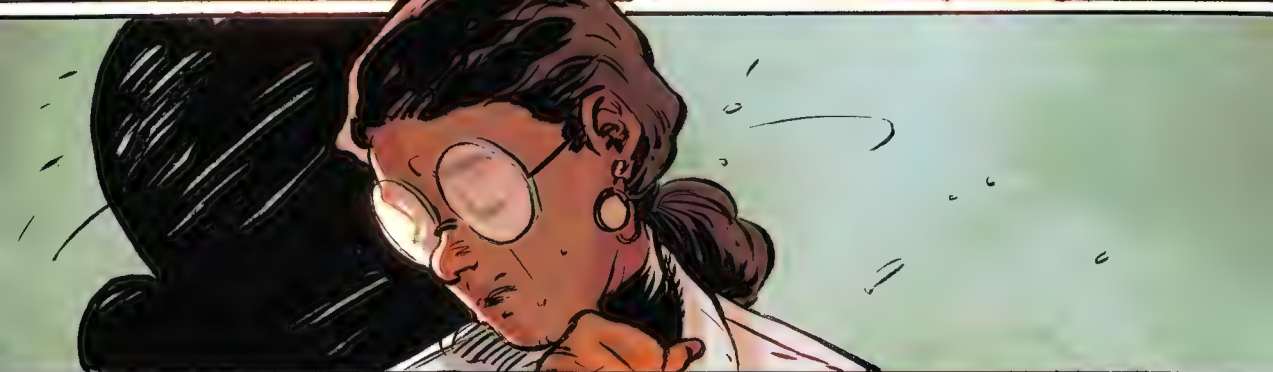
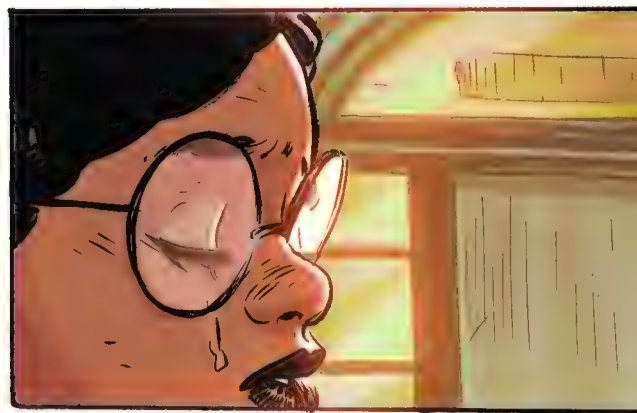


IF THERE'S
ANY CHANCE HE
HAS THE SAME
THING THAT'S
HAPPENING TO ME,
OR COULD
EVER...

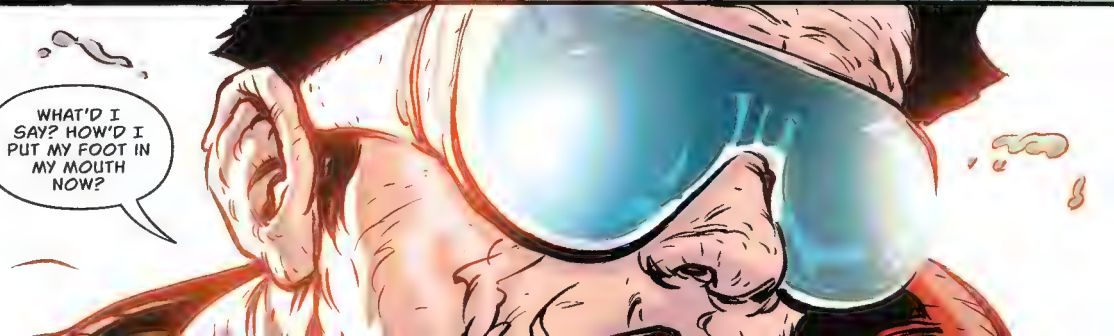
I NEED
HIM TO STAY
GOOD AND
STRONG.

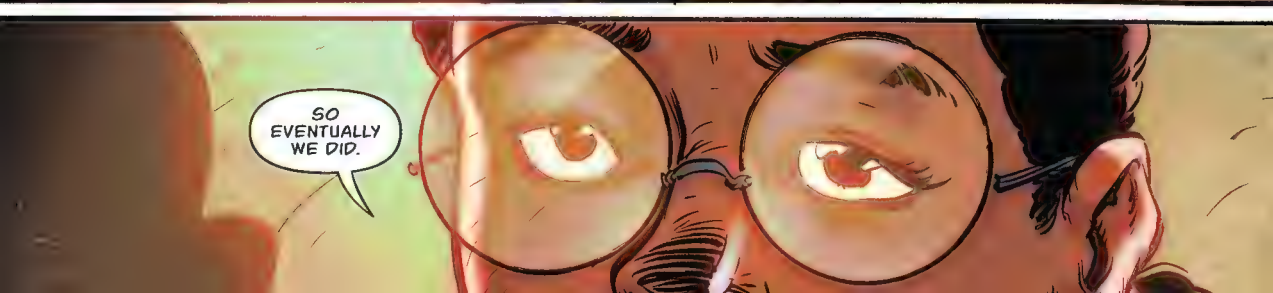
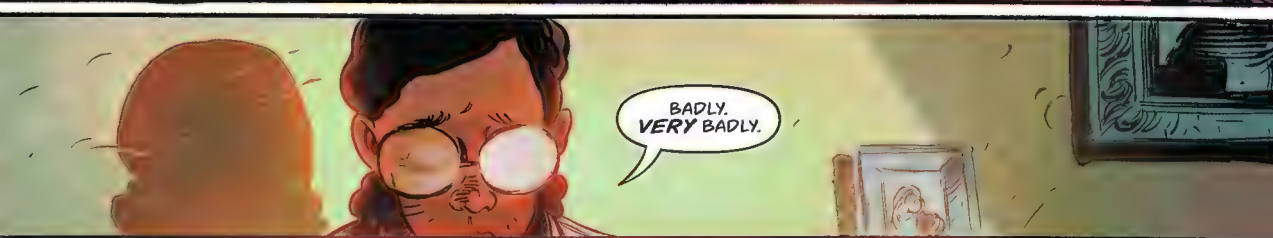
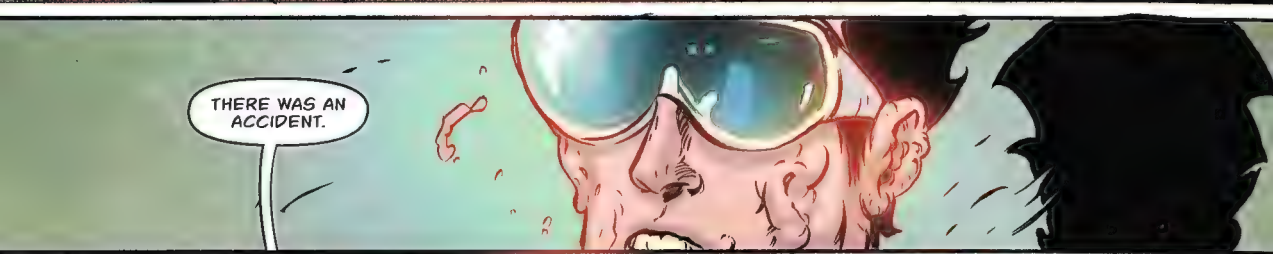


I KNOW
YOU DON'T
HAVE KIDS, SO
YOU MIGHT NOT
UNDERSTAND
HOW I FEEL,
BUT...



WHAT'D I
SAY? HOW'D I
PUT MY FOOT IN
MY MOUTH
NOW?







BUT NOT
A DAY GOES
BY...



...I DON'T
WONDER.

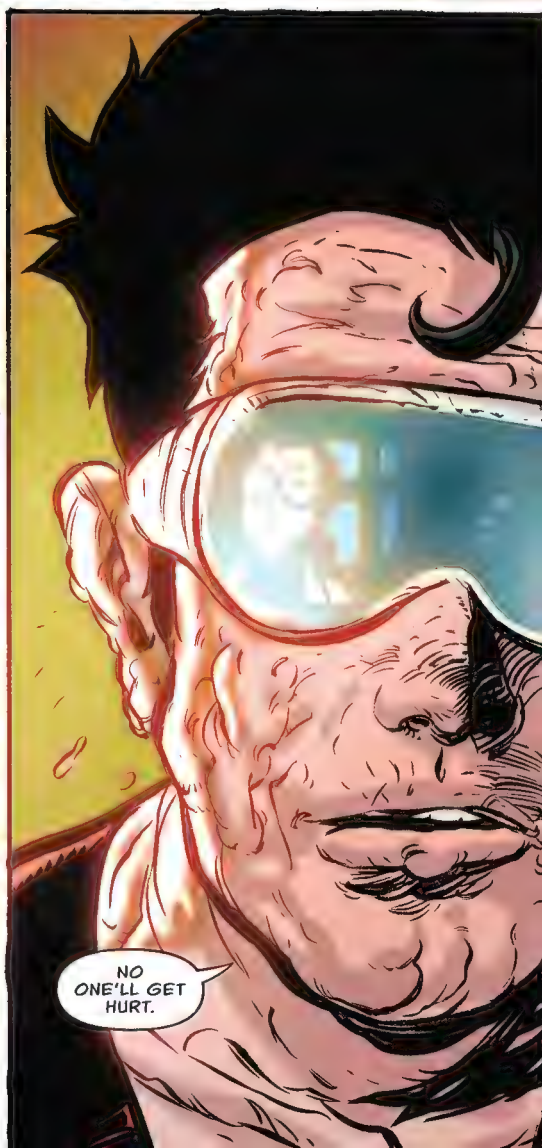
WONDER
WHAT?



WHAT
ELSE I
COULD HAVE
DONE.



I'M
GONNA HAVE
THAT URANIUM BY
TOMORROW. AND
I'VE ALREADY FOUND
AN UNPOPULATED
AREA TO DO
THIS.



NO
ONE'LL GET
HURT.



"I PROMISE."

HEY, YOU
OKAY?



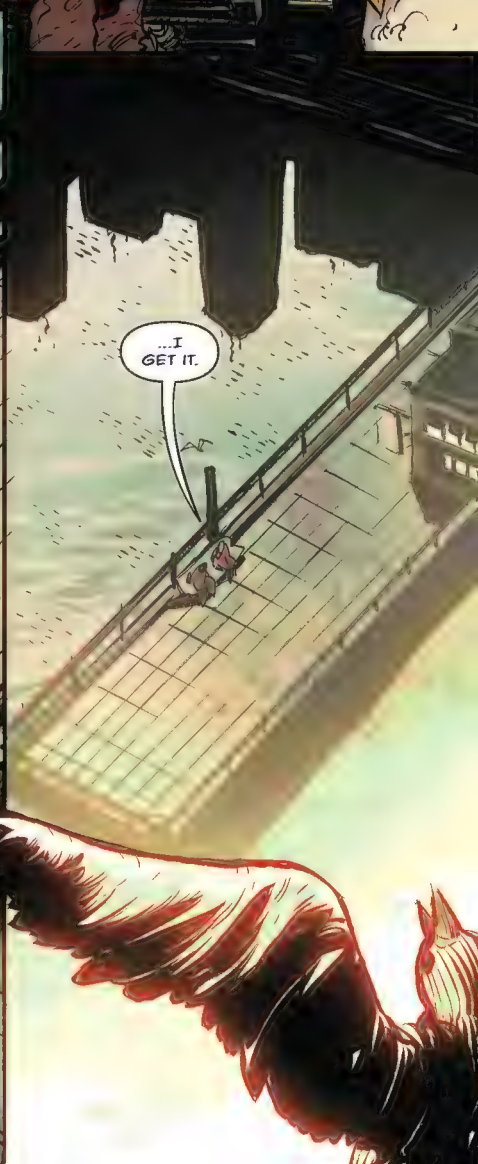
YOU
HAVEN'T SEEMED
YOURSELF THESE
LAST FEW DAYS.
THE TITANS HAVE
NOTICED.

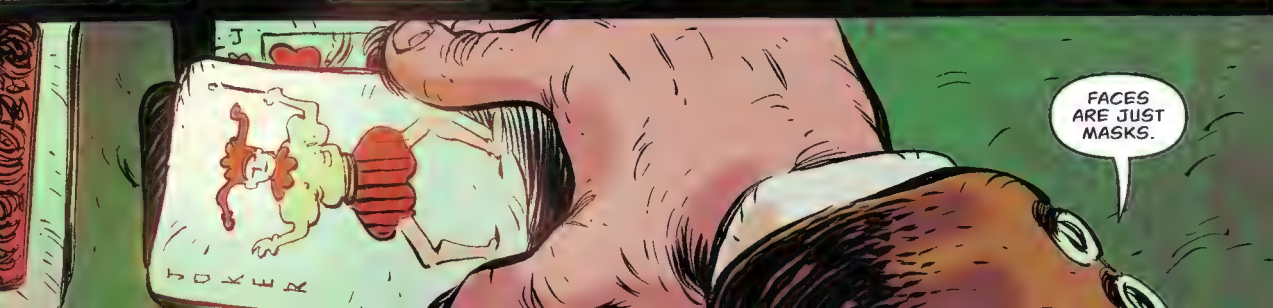
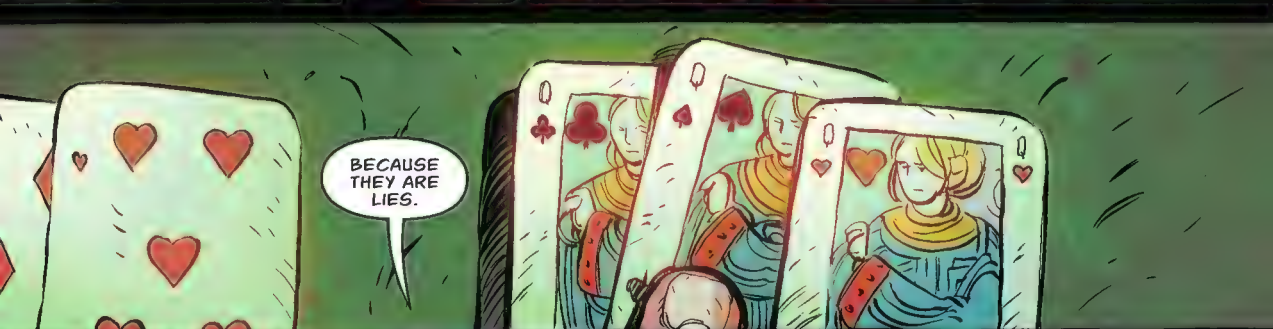
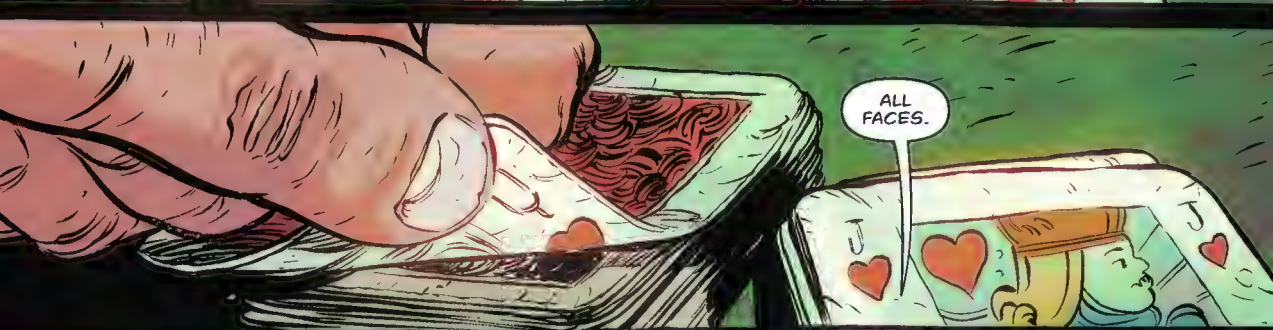
I'M
SORRY.
I'M FINE.
JUST...



...TROUBLE
WITH MY DAD.





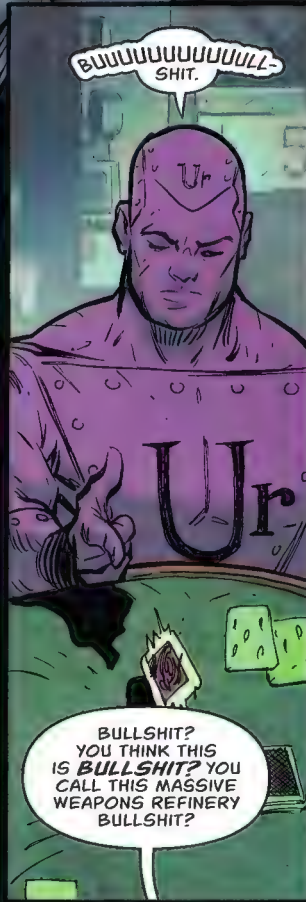




ANY MASK--EVEN ONE YOU'RE BORN WITH--IS BY ITS VERY NATURE FALSE.

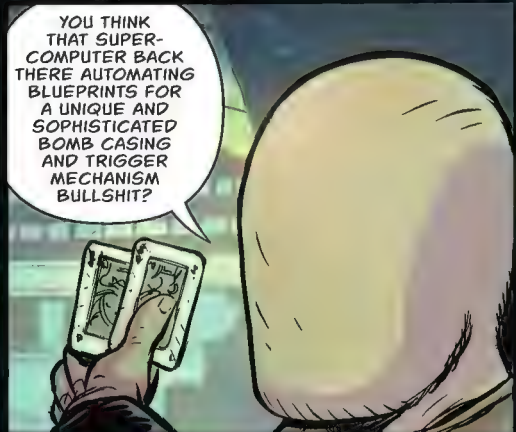


TRUTH LIES UNDER THE MASK.



BUUUUUUUUUUUULL--SHIT.

BULLSHIT? YOU THINK THIS IS BULLSHIT? YOU CALL THIS MASSIVE WEAPONS REFINERY BULLSHIT?



YOU THINK THAT SUPER-COMPUTER BACK THERE AUTOMATING BLUEPRINTS FOR A UNIQUE AND SOPHISTICATED BOMB CASING AND TRIGGER MECHANISM BULLSHIT?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S BULLSHIT. MOUNT RUSHMORE IS BULLSHIT.

MOUNT RUSHMORE
BEARS THE FACES OF
IMPERIALISTS AND
CONQUERORS.

IT'S
BULLSHIT. AND I
WILL ANNIHILATE IT.
USING YOU, URANIUM,
TO DETONATE MY
TRUTH UPON THE
WORLD.

CHECK
THAT OUT.
CANASTA.

I THINK
YOU'RE JUST
JEALOUS.

I THINK
YOUR WHOLE
M.O. IS BASICALLY,
"IF I DON'T GET
A FACE, NO
ONE GETS A
FACE."

IT'S
PROBABLY
BECAUSE YOU
FEEL LIKE YOU
LACK ANY REAL
IDENTITY OF
YOUR OWN.

WHICH IN
TURN FUELS
SOME DEEPER
NEUROSIS WHERE
YOU WONDER IF
YOU EVEN
EXIST.





SO YOU
USE VIOLENCE
AND TERROR TO
PROVE TO THE REST
OF THE WORLD
THAT YOU'RE
REAL.



WHICH IS
JUST SAD AND
PATHETIC.



AND YOU
KNOW WHAT? I
BET YOU'D BE EVEN
MORE INTOLERABLE
IF YOU HAD YOUR
FACE BACK.



OKAY. I
DIDN'T KIDNAP
YOU TO BE
THERAPIZED.



I KIDNAPPED
YOU SO I COULD
TURN YOU INTO
FOUR HUNDRED
POUNDS OF PURE
U-235.



...DICKHEAD.



HRAAAH

WOW.
GIVES NEW
MEANING TO
GOING OVER
LIKE A LEAD
BALLOON.

METAL
MEN!
ATTACK!





LOOK AT THIS, METAL AND PLASTIC, WORKIN' TOGETHER.

MORE FACES...
MORE LIES!



THROW IN SOME GLASS AND CARDBOARD AND WE'RE FULLY RECYCLABLE.



YOU KNOW, UH, IT'S, I GOTTA SAY, SO FUNNY HE SAID THAT, ABOUT THE MELTING POINT, BECAUSE MINE IS, WELL, IT'S--I MEAN IT'S SIGNIFICANTLY LOWER.

OOF!

I GOT 'IM!

METAL MEN, LET'S MOVE!



NICE GOIN', LEAD...

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, BROTHER.





AWRIGHT,
METAL MEN!
MEET SOME
MAGNET!

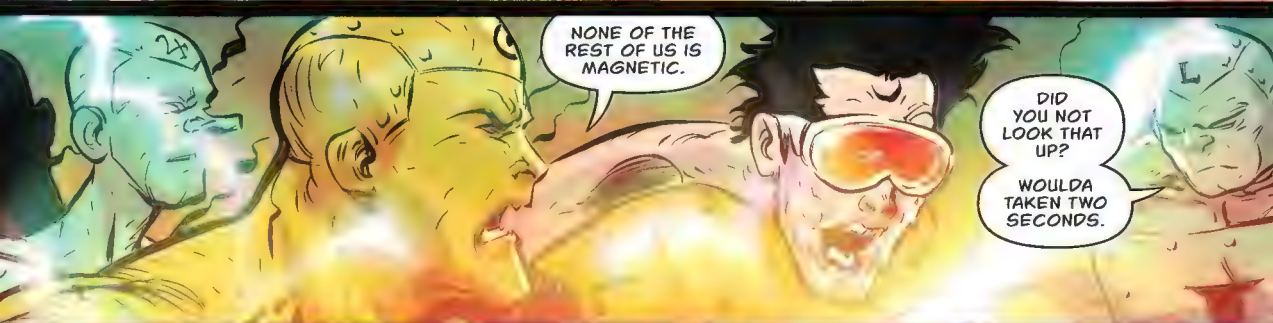


WHAT
THE...

HR
RR
RR
K!



WHY'S IT
ONLY WORKING
ON HIM?



NONE OF THE
REST OF US IS
MAGNETIC.

DID
YOU NOT
LOOK THAT
UP?

WOULDA
TAKEN TWO
SECONDS.



BUT
YOU'RE
METAL...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL?

LOOK, I NEED URANIUM, I JUST-NEED TO BORROW HIM.

ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH NO-FACE? ANSWER ME!

NO! NO--
SACKS--
OF COURSE NOT!

WOOTZ, TRY SOMETHING ELSE! THIS ISN'T WORKING!

LIKE WHAT?

I DON'T KNOW, ANYTHING!

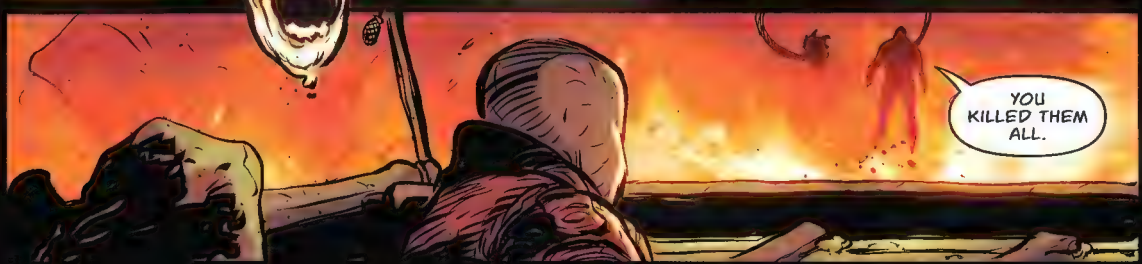
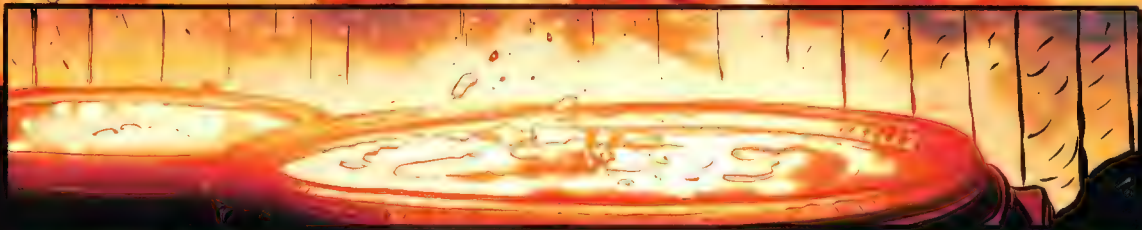
JESUS, EEL, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW ANY OF THIS SHIT WORKS!





H
N
N
N
G
G
H!

NOOOOO!





TO BE CONTINUED.



**“YOU LOCKED ME UP IN THIS
NICE SQUEEZE BOX, BUT
YOU CLEARLY DON’T KNOW
WHAT THE HELL YOU’RE
DOING, EITHER. DO YOU?”**



BEFORE.

WHEN
YOU **EVER**
BEEN THERE
FOR ME, PATRICK
O'BRIAN? FOR
OUR SON?
HUH?

JUSTICE
LEAGUE **THIS AN'**
JUSTICE LEAGUE
THAT! I GET IT, YOU
WANNA BE A HERO NOW,
NOT JUST A BUM. YOU'RE
THE ONLY ONE ON THE
TEAM ROSTER WITH
A RAP SHEET. YOU
WANNA PUT IT
BEHIND YOU!

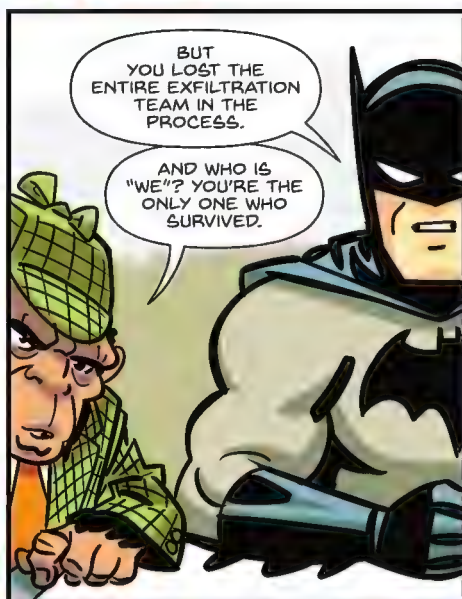
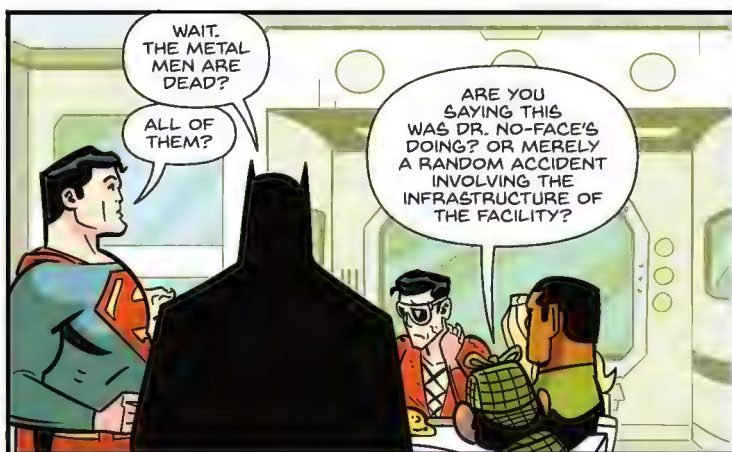
BUT
YOU'RE STILL
OUT ALL HOURS OF
THE NIGHT AFTER THE
LEAGUE PUTS A VILLAIN
AWAY, CELEBRATIN' WITH
FUCKIN' **WOOLY** OF ALL
PEOPLE, KNOCKIN'
'EM BACK AT SOME
DIVE BAR UNTIL
CLOSING
TIME!

YOU GOT
THE LEAGUE
NOW. BUT YOU ALSO
GOT **ME**. YOU GOT
A SON. YOU GOT
LUKE! WHAT **ELSE**
DO YOU NEED? WHAT
ELSE DO YOU
WANT?

I CAN'T DO
THIS ANYMORE.
I CAN'T RAISE THIS
KID ALONE! YOU WANNA
BE DIFFERENT? YOU
WANNA BE BETTER?
WELL, PATRICK, HONEY,
I LOOK AROUND
AND I ASK
MYSELF...

...WHAT'S
CHANGED?









MAMMOTH CITY.

"THIS IS QUITE A GROUP OF LIMITED INTELLECTS AND MURDERERS."

YOU KNOW, I NEVER FANCIED MYSELF A GUY WITH A PARTICULARLY STRONG MORAL COMPASS, BUT I GOTTA SAY, I AM PRETTY BOWLED OVER THAT YOU KILLED MY ENTIRE FAMILY.

NOT THAT I EVER LIKED THEM VERY MUCH. BUT STILL.

ALTHOUGH I WONDER IF YOU'VE EVEN GOT THE I.Q. TO APPRECIATE WHAT YOU DID, LITTLE BUDDY. YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS A **MASTERMIND**. IF YOU GET MY DRIFT?

NOT THAT YOU SEEM PARTICULARLY BRIGHT **EITHER**, DR. MENLO. EVEN FOR A SCIENTIST.

YOU LOCKED ME UP IN THIS NICE SQUEEZE-BOX, BUT YOU CLEARLY DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE DOING, **EITHER**. DO YOU?



OKAY, WELL,
I JUST QUIT
THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE.

WHAT?
WHY?

I DON'T FEEL
MUCH LIKE A HERO
ANYMORE, WOODY.
ESPECIALLY AFTER
EVERYTHING THAT'S
HAPPENED.

PROBABLY
FOR THE
BEST.



AN' WHY'S
THAT, URANIUM,
OL' PAL?

FACE IT,
PLASTIC MAN.
YOU'RE AN ALSO-
RAN. YOU'RE IN WAY
OVER YOUR HEAD.
BUT YOU KIND OF
ALWAYS HAVE
BEEN, HAVEN'T
YOU?

TOUGH
TALK.



I'D EVEN
VENTURE TO SAY
YOUR USE OF
HUMOR IS A CHEAP
DEFENSE MECHANISM
THAT COVERS UP A
DEEP WELL OF
INSECURITY.

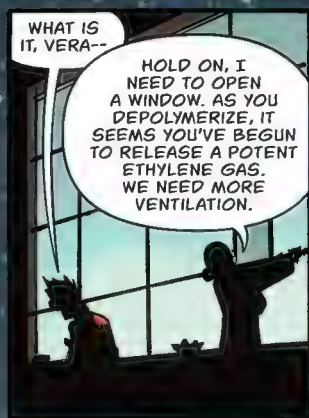


AND I
BET THE ANTICS
HAVE COME AT THE
COST OF ANY KIND
OF REAL HUMAN
DEPTH. AM I
RIGHT?



I'D
HATE TO BE
THERE WHEN
THE JOKES
STOP.

I NEED TO
TALK TO YOU,
PATRICK. IN
PRIVATE.



WHAT IS IT, VERA--

HOLD ON, I NEED TO OPEN A WINDOW. AS YOU DEPOLYMERIZE, IT SEEMS YOU'VE BEGUN TO RELEASE A POTENT ETHYLENE GAS. WE NEED MORE VENTILATION.



GASSY, TOO. WHAT A WEEK.

LISTEN, PATRICK, URANIUM MAY BE A COMPLETE DICK, BUT HE HAS A POINT.



I'M OUT OF MY DEPTH. I MUST CONFESS, I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO REFINES THAT KIND OF SENTIENT BIOREACTIVE ISOTOPE, *LET ALONE* BUILD THE MECHANISM NEEDED TO DETONATE IT IN THE WAY WE NEED TO IN ORDER TO REBIND YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE.

SORRY, I LOST YOU AFTER "I CONFESS."



DON'T WORRY, DOC.

I'M SAYING WE ARE IN DIRE NEED OF MORE SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW AND RAW MATERIAL...



I THINK I KNOW SOMEBODY.



CASE FILE
807, DEATH OF
THE METAL
MEN.

CHECKING
OVER EVIDENCE
AT THE DEFUNCT
REFINERY SITE
ONCE RUN BY DR.
NO-FACE.



SPLASH
IMPACT ON THE
WALL FROM THE MOLTEN
VATS. SEEING TRACE
ELEMENTS OF OTHER
METALS IN ADDITION
TO COMMON
STEEL.

WILL TAKE
BACK SAMPLES TO
THE JUSTICE LEAGUE
LAB AND CHECK FOR
SIGNS OF GOLD,
PLATINUM, IRON,
AND TIN.



CATWALK
SUPPORTS SEEM TO
HAVE RUPTURED FROM
THE CEILING AND WALL,
WHICH CORROBORATES
PLASTIC MAN'S
REPORT.



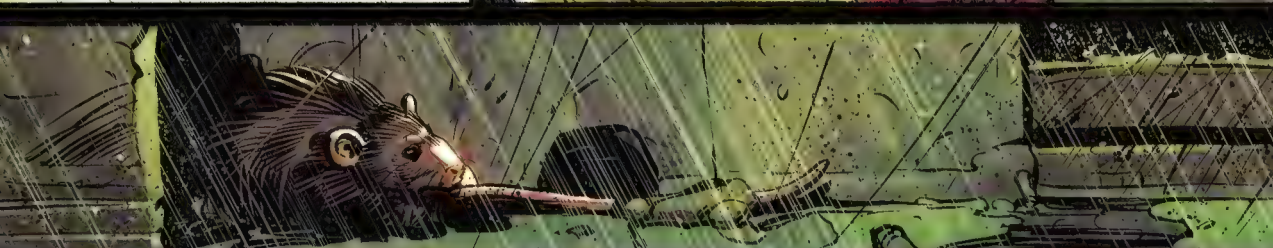
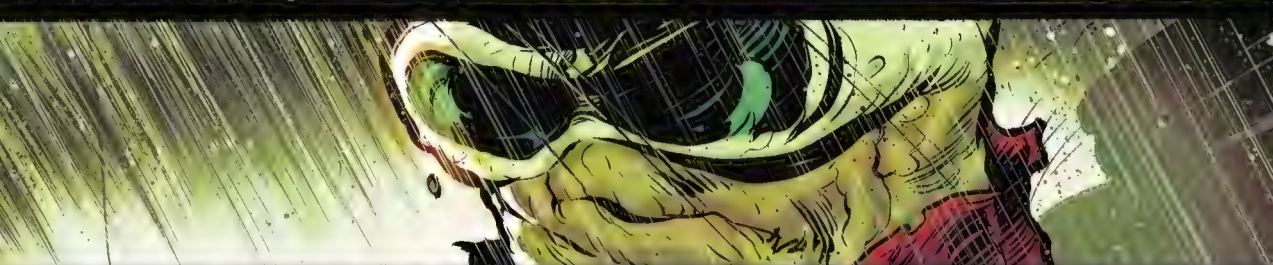
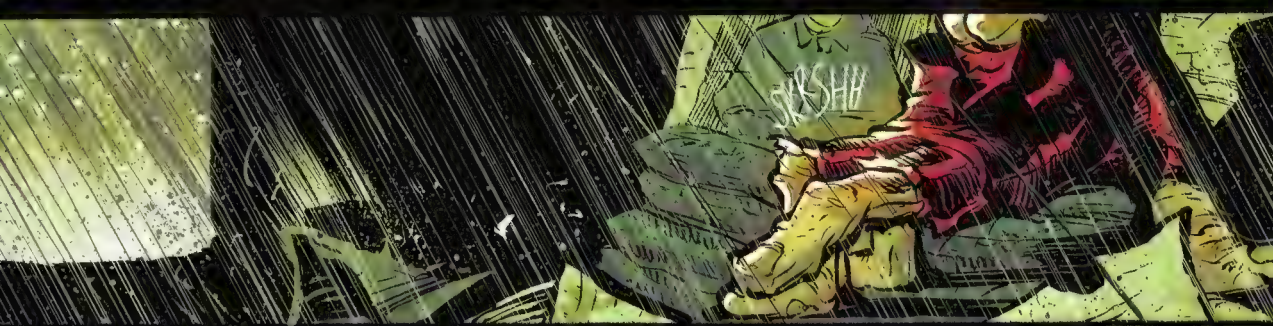
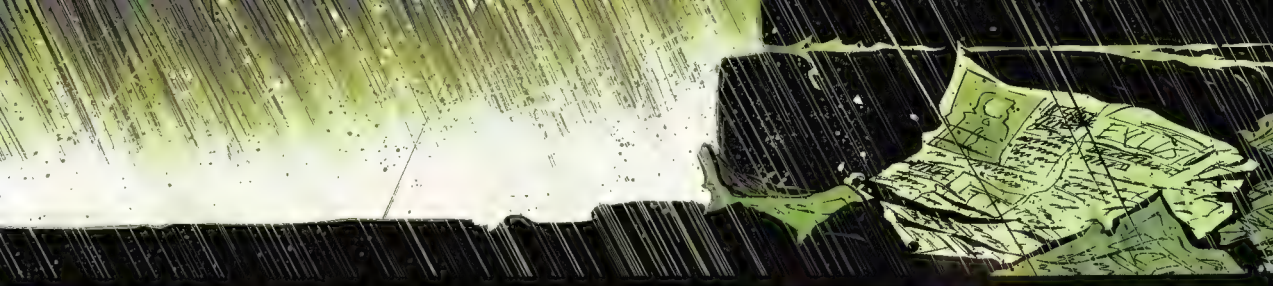
NO-FACE
IS STILL AT LARGE.
APPREHENSION EFFORTS
ARE CURRENTLY UNDER-
WAY. WOULD LIKE TO
QUESTION HIM AS
A WITNESS.



OKAY.
THERE'S
A LARGE
MAGNET ON
THE ROOF.



GOING TO
DUST IT FOR
PRINTS.



"WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR HAND?"

TITANS
TOWER.

I
DUNNO.

WELL, I
DON'T KNOW IF
LUKE WANTS TO
SEE YOU RIGHT
NOW. I THINK HE
NEEDS SOME
SPACE.

HEY, KID,
I'M JUST
TRYING TO
HELP HIM.

NO, YOU'RE
JUST LIKE BRUCE.
YOU BREAK **WHATEVER**
YOU WANT BECAUSE
YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE
YOU CAN FIX IT
LATER.

IS HE
HERE? C'MON,
I JUST WANNA
TALK TO HIM.

S'OKAY,
ROBIN. I
GOT IT.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
DAD?

LET'S JUST
TAKE A WALK
FOR A SEC.



DAD, I
KNOW YOU'RE
SCARED. I WOULD
BE, TOO. BUT I
DON'T NEED
YOUR HELP.

THIS
ISN'T ABOUT
THAT. THIS IS
ABOUT HOW I
COULD USE
YOURS.



IS IT GETTING
WORSE? ARE YOU...
HOW LONG DO
YOU--

NO, NO. THIS
IS ABOUT HERO
STUFF, BELIEVE IT
OR NOT. I HAD
SOMETHING GO
SOUTH ON ME
RECENTLY.



THE BAD
GUY GOT AWAY.
BUT I'VE MANAGED
TO TRACK HIM DOWN.
HE'S HIDING OUT AT
THE MAMMOTH CITY
DOCKS, BUT...



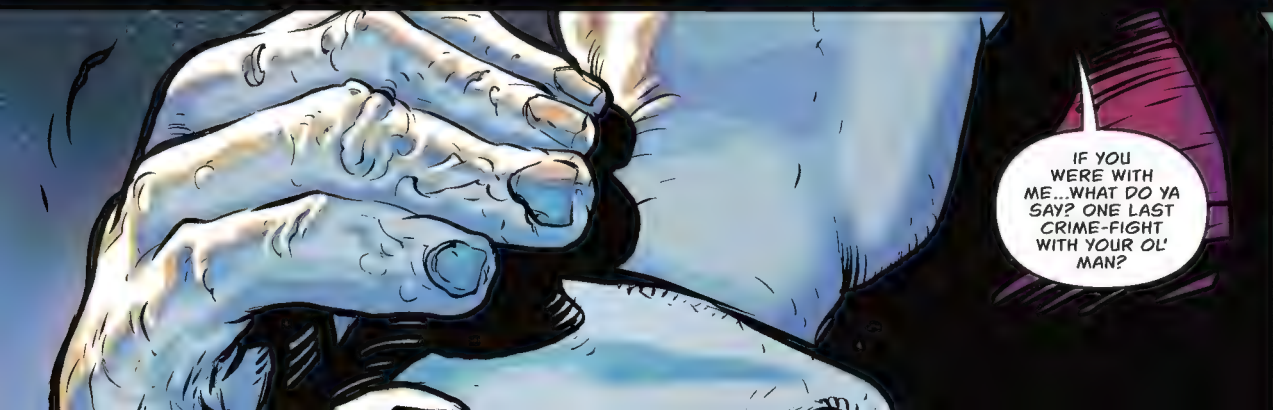
...BUT
I'M NOT AT
THE STRENGTH
I WAS. I CAN'T
PULL THIS OFF
ON MY OWN
AN' I...

DAD.



YOU NEED
ME TO STEP IN
FOR YOU?

NO, NO...
BUT TWO
PLASTIC MEN
ARE BETTER
THAN ONE.



IF YOU
WERE WITH
ME...WHAT DO YA
SAY? ONE LAST
CRIME-FIGHT
WITH YOUR OL'
MAN?



WHAT'D YOU SAY THIS GUY'S NAME WAS?

DR. NO-FACE.

LEMME GUESS. HE DOESN'T HAVE A FACE.

NOT FOR A WHILE, NO.

AND HE'S ANGRY ABOUT THAT.

SEEMS THAT WAY.

HEY, DAD.

YEAH, LUKE?

THIS IS NICE.

WHAT IS?

YOU AND ME. LIKE THIS.

YEAH. IT REALLY IS.



NO-FACE
IS HERE?

LAST I
HEARD.

ANY KIND
OF PERIMETER
DEFENSES? BOOBY
TRAPS TO LOOK
OUT FOR?

I WIPED
OUT HIS ENTIRE
APPARATUS LAST
TIME. HE BARELY
GOT AWAY
HIMSELF.



HE'S
RUNNIN'
SCARED.



THEN LET'S
MOVE--

WAIT A
SECOND.
LOOGIE.



DAD,
PLEASE
DON'T CALL
ME THAT.

SORRY.
LUKE.



I
LOVE YOU,
SON.



OKAY.



I
LOVE
YOU.

UH...

DAD?



HEY!

NOW,
DOC,
NOW!

WHO ARE
YOU?

SHOULD
WORK IN
SECONDS...

WHAT
THE... WHY
AM I SO
ITCHY?

YOU
SURE HE'S
OKAY?

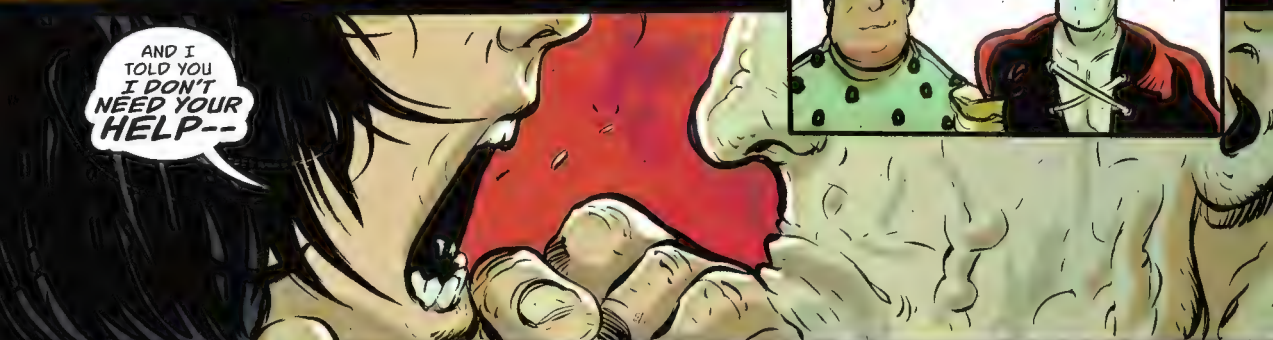
IT'S MOSTLY
CORNSTARCH, WHICH
ACTS AS A POLYMER
PARALYTIC. DEPRIVES THE
CELLS OF ELASTICITY, BUT
IT'LL ONLY GIVE US A DAY
AT BEST. WE NEED TO
MOVE FAST.



WHAT JUST HAPPENED? WHAT'D YOU DO TO ME? DAD, ARE THESE PEOPLE WITH YOU?

GEE, LOOG, DON'T YA REMEMBER YER UNCLE WOZZY?

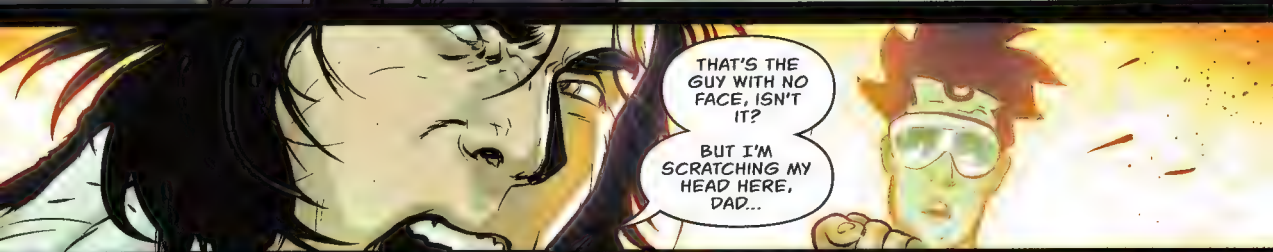
CALM DOWN, LUKE. WE'RE GONNA HELP YOU.



AND I TOLD YOU I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP--



EASY NOW.



THAT'S THE GUY WITH NO FACE, ISN'T IT?

BUT I'M SCRATCHING MY HEAD HERE, DAD...



... 'CAUSE IT SEEMS LIKE HE'S WORKING FOR YOU.



LUKE. I
KNOW YOU'RE
ANGRY.

ANGRY
DOESN'T EVEN
BEGIN TO
COVER IT.



LOOK AT ME, SON.
I'M COMING APART
HERE. THE EXACT SAME
THING COULD HAPPEN
TO YOU.



IS THAT
EVEN TRUE? OR
ARE YOU JUST
LYING SOME
MORE?



IT'S ALMOST
CERTAINLY
HEREDITARY.



THEN RUN A TEST ON ME! I DON'T CARE, AND IF I DON'T HAVE IT, YOU CAN LET ME GO AND PROCEED TO RUIN THE REST OF YOUR LIVES WITHOUT ME INVOLVED.

EVEN IF YOUR CELLS SHOW NO SIGNS OF CURRENT DEPOLYMERIZATION, THERE'S A HIGH PROBABILITY THAT THEY WILL DETERIORATE AT A LATER DATE.

THAT'S WHY THIS IS THE ONLY WAY, LUKE. WE PULL THIS OFF, WE MAKE SURE YOU'RE OKAY. FOREVER.

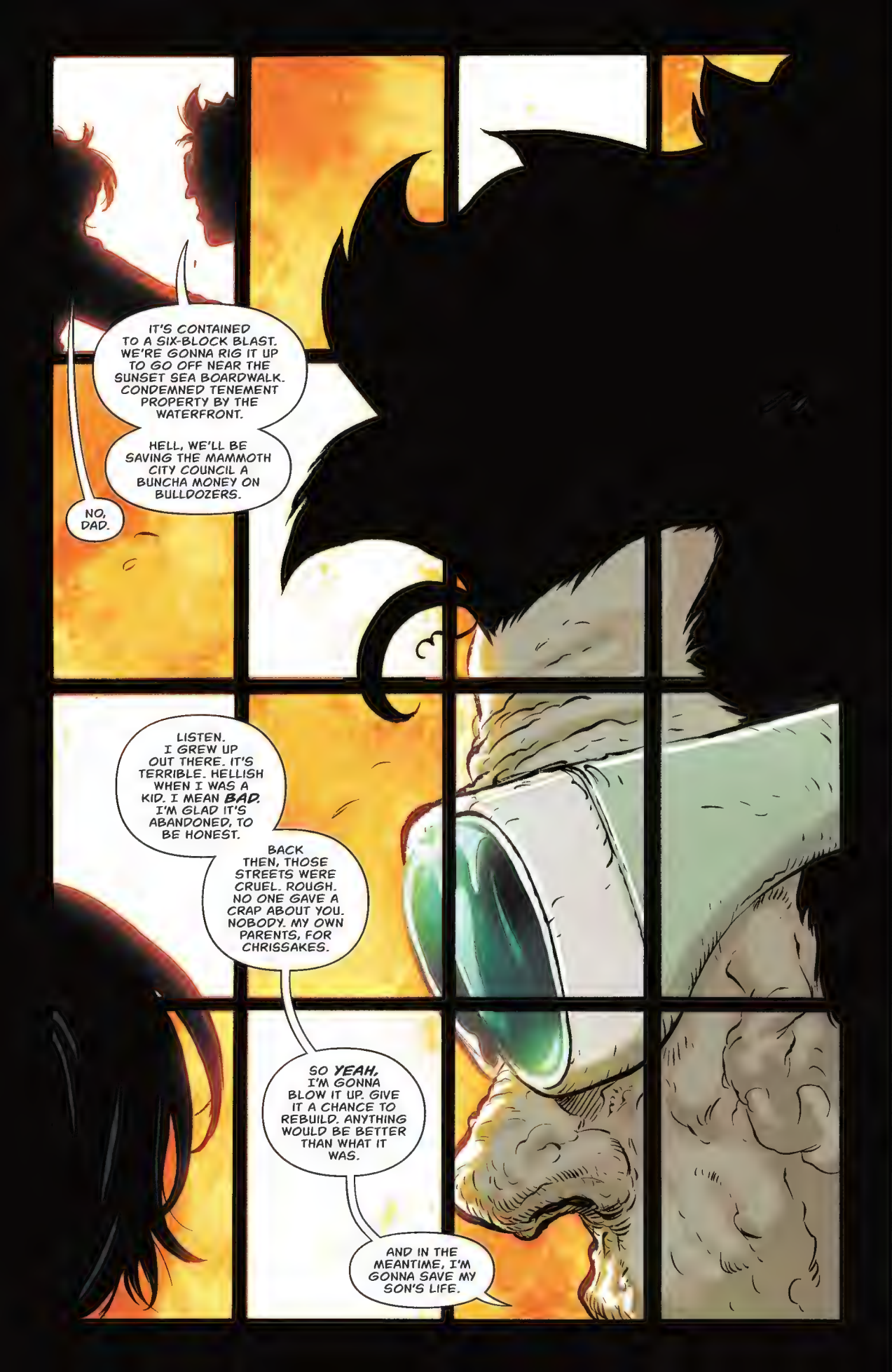
JESUS, DAD, YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT SETTING OFF A NUCLEAR BOMB!

THE STRENGTH OF THE FUSION REACTION WILL SOLIDIFY AND STABILIZE THE BONDS IN YOUR MOLECULES AS WELL AS YOUR FATHER'S. THE UNZIPPING PROCESS CEASES AND REVERSES.

FORGET IT! NO WAY.

IF YOU KNEW YOU HAD CANCER, OR EVEN A HIGH PREDISPOSITION TO CANCER, YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU WOULDN'T SEEK TO UNDO THAT? CURE YOURSELF OF A TERMINAL DISEASE?

I MEAN, YOU MIGHT REPAIR THE MOLECULAR DAMAGE, SURE, BUT HOW DO YOU FIX THE DECADES OF PARENTAL NEGLECT AND FAILURE?



IT'S CONTAINED
TO A SIX-BLOCK BLAST.
WE'RE GONNA RIG IT UP
TO GO OFF NEAR THE
SUNSET SEA BOARDWALK.
CONDEMNED TENEMENT
PROPERTY BY THE
WATERFRONT.

HELL, WE'LL BE
SAVING THE MAMMOTH
CITY COUNCIL A
BUNCH A MONEY ON
BULLDOZERS.

NO,
DAD.

LISTEN.
I GREW UP
OUT THERE. IT'S
TERRIBLE. HELLISH
WHEN I WAS A
KID. I MEAN **BAD**.
I'M GLAD IT'S
ABANDONED, TO
BE HONEST.

BACK
THEN, THOSE
STREETS WERE
CRUEL. ROUGH.
NO ONE GAVE A
CRAP ABOUT YOU.
NOBODY. MY OWN
PARENTS, FOR
CHRISSAKES.

SO YEAH,
I'M GONNA
BLOW IT UP. GIVE
IT A CHANCE TO
REBUILD. ANYTHING
WOULD BE BETTER
THAN WHAT IT
WAS.

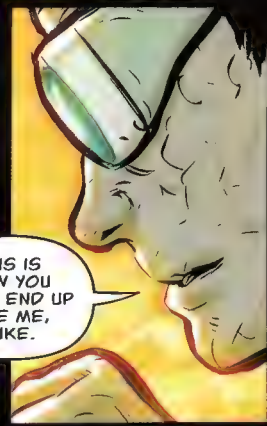
AND IN THE
MEANTIME, I'M
GONNA SAVE MY
SON'S LIFE.



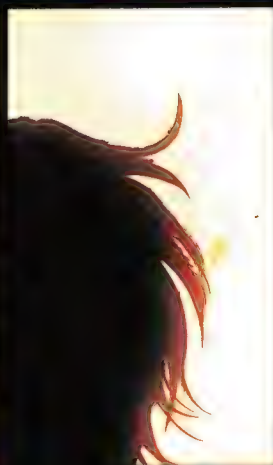
IF THERE
WERE ANY
OTHER WAY TO
DO THIS, I
WOULD.



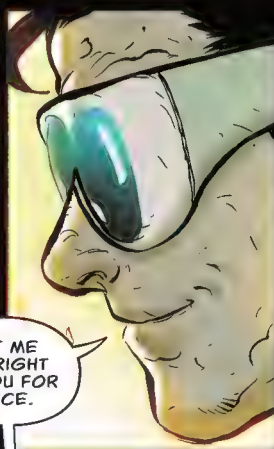
THIS IS
HOW YOU
DON'T END UP
LIKE ME,
LUKE.



I DID YOU
SO WRONG
YOUR WHOLE
LIFE.



LET ME
DO RIGHT
BY YOU FOR
ONCE.



PLEASE.



TRUST
ME.



HE SEEMS
LIKE A GOOD
KID.

HE
IS. THAT'S
WHAT MAKES
HIM DIFFERENT
FROM ME.

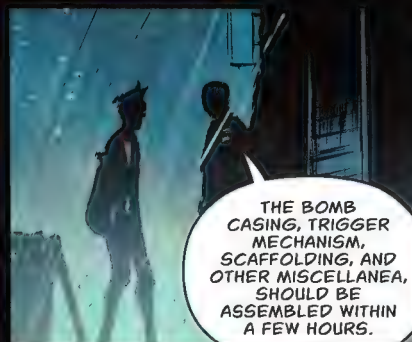


YOU'RE BEING
TOO HARD ON
YOURSELF.

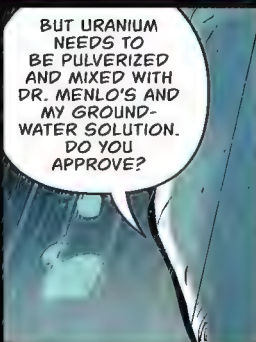
TELL
THAT TO
THE METAL
MEN.



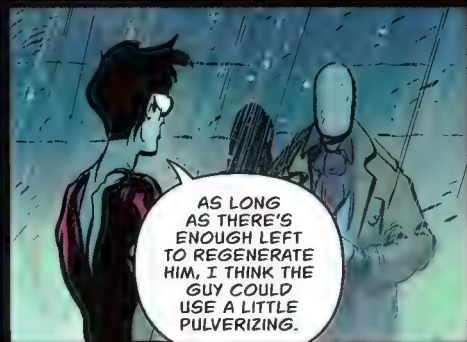
O'BRIAN.
A WORD.



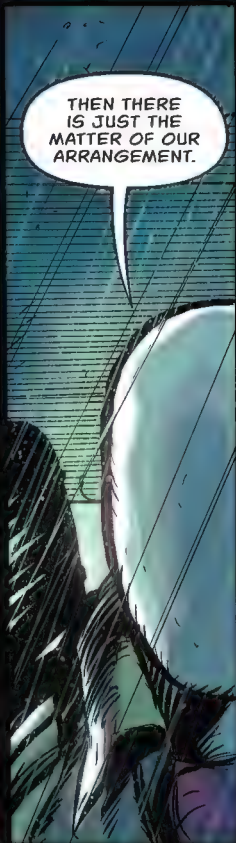
THE BOMB
CASING, TRIGGER
MECHANISM,
SCAFFOLDING, AND
OTHER MISCELLANEA,
SHOULD BE
ASSEMBLED WITHIN
A FEW HOURS.



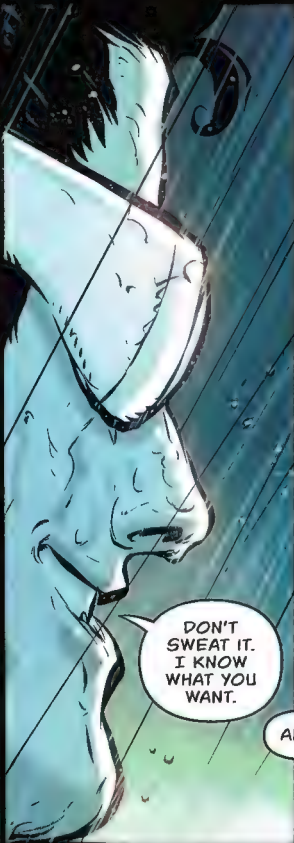
BUT URANIUM
NEEDS TO
BE PULVERIZED
AND MIXED WITH
DR. MENLO'S AND
MY GROUND-
WATER SOLUTION.
DO YOU
APPROVE?



AS LONG
AS THERE'S
ENOUGH LEFT
TO REGENERATE
HIM, I THINK THE
GUY COULD
USE A LITTLE
PULVERIZING.

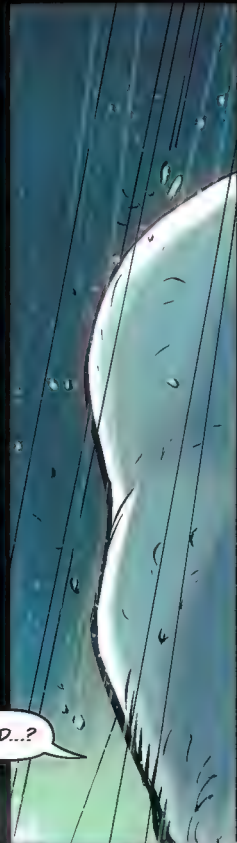


THEN THERE IS JUST THE MATTER OF OUR ARRANGEMENT.



DON'T SWEAT IT. I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT.

AND...?



AND IF WE PULL THIS OFF, YOU CAN HAVE MINE.



YOU WOULD **REALLY** PART WITH YOUR OWN FACE?

IF I REPOLYMERIZE, THEN MY REGENERATIVE POWERS BOUNCE BACK. AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, YEAH, NO PROBLEM. I'LL CUT OFF MY FACE, LET YOU **SLAP** IT ON YOUR OWN BLANK SLATE, THEN GROW MYSELF A NEW ONE.

BING, BANG, EASY PEASY.





WELL,
I REALLY
APPRECIATE
THAT--

HOLD ON
A SECOND,
DOC.



WHO'S
THERE?



HELLO,
PATRICK.

YOU'RE
GETTING
WORSE.



NO,
MAN, I TOLD
YOU, I GOT A
TREATMENT IN
PLACE. I SHOULD
BE BACK AT IT
AGAIN AT KRISPY
KREME IN NO
TIME.



THAT'S
NOT WHAT I
MEANT.



THEN I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT.

ALL I
WANT TO
HEAR IS THE
TRUTH.

TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE METAL
MEN.

I ALREADY
TOLD YA, PAL,
THEY FELL FROM
THE--

I FOUND A
LARGE MAGNET ON
THE REFINERY ROOF. I RAN
THE PRINTS ON IT. THE PRINTS
BELONGED TO SOMEONE
WITH A **CRIMINAL RECORD**.
FELLOW BY THE NAME
OF WOODY WINKS.

A KNOWN
CRIMINAL
ASSOCIATE OF
YOURS FROM
THE PAST.

FURTHERMORE,
THE SUPPORT BOLTS
OF THE CATWALK WEREN'T
STRIPPED. THEY WERE
INSTALLED LESS THAN **A YEAR**
AGO, IN FACT. THE DRILL
HOLES IN THE CEMENT
WALLS WERE LIKEWISE
ALSO NEW.

BUT THE
BOLTS STILL
BROKE AWAY...
PUZZLING...







HE
WOULD'VE
GONE TO THE
LEAGUE.

YOU
WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO SAVE
LUKE.



HE'S
DEAD...

WE...WE...
WE...IGNITED...YOUR
OUTER DERMAL POLYMER
LAYER. IT INCREASED THE
SUBLIMATION OF ETHYLENE
GAS YOU WERE ALREADY
EMITTING...

...BY A
FACTOR OF
THOUSANDS.

YOU
KILLED
HIM...YOU
POISONED
HIM...

PATRICK.



IF YOU
WANT TO
SAVE YOUR
SON, WE
HAVE TO DO
IT NOW.



WHERE IS
HE? WHERE'S
LUKE...



SEE?
CANASTA.

OH,
WOW.

I'LL ADMIT,
I DIDN'T
SEE THAT
COMING.



VERA, GET
A TARP OUT OF
THE BACK OF
THE TRUCK.

I CAN'T...
I CAN'T...

NOW TUCK
IT UNDERNEATH.
WE'LL SEE IF WE
CAN GET HIM INTO
THE RIVER.

GET
IN. IT'S
TIME.

I'LL BRING
DOWN THE
OTHERS FROM
THE APARTMENT.
WE'VE GOT TO
GO NOW IF WE
HAVE ANY
CHANCE.

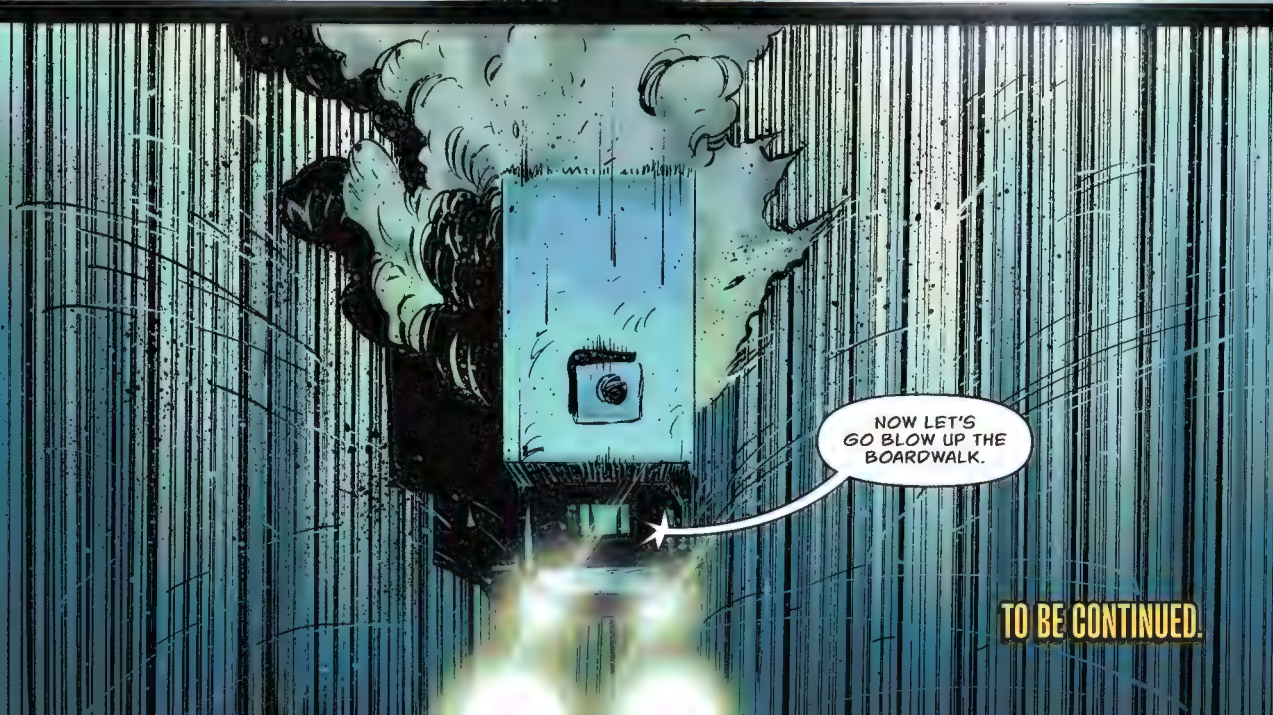


NO. I'LL
DRIVE.



LUKE CAN
NEVER KNOW.
UNDERSTAND?

HE CAN
NEVER
KNOW.



NOW LET'S
GO BLOW UP THE
BOARDWALK.

TO BE CONTINUED.



**“AIN’T THAT *JUST*
LIKE HIM?”**



SUNSET SEA,
MAMMOTH CITY.

NOT A
SOUL FOR
MILES.

MY OL'
MAN TOOK ME
HERE BACK IN
THE DAY.

LEFT ME AT A
SLOT MACHINE. GOT
PISS DRUNK AND LOST A
THOUSAND DOLLARS OF
OUR RENT MONEY AT
THE BLACKJACK
TABLE.



MY OL' MAN TOOK ME HERE, TOO.



HE KIDNAPPED ME. TIED ME TO THIS PIER. FORCED ME INTO THE EPICENTER OF A NUCLEAR BLAST.

LUKE, I'M DOING THIS TO SAVE YOUR LIFE. WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I'LL GET A SECOND CHANCE ON TOP OF IT.

YOU'VE BLOWN EVERY SECOND CHANCE YOU'VE BEEN HANDED.

CENTRIFUGE IS IN PLACE. PAYLOAD. REMOTE TRIGGER CONTROL AS WELL.

HOLDING CAGE SHOULD PROTECT YOU BOTH FROM THE CONCUSSIVE FORCE BUT ALLOW ENOUGH OF THE FUSION REACTION TO PENETRATE YOUR CELLS.

THE DEPOLYMERIZATION YOU'RE EXPERIENCING SHOULD CEASE, THEN HOPEFULLY REVERSE. THIS SHOULD ALSO PREVENT IT FROM EVER OCCURRING IN LUKE'S BODY.



OR IT'LL KILL YOU BOTH.

DAD, PLEASE
STOP THIS. IT'S
INSANE--

NOT WHEN
WE'RE THIS
CLOSE. ALL I'VE
HAD TO DO TO GET
HERE...I'M TELLIN'
YOU, LUKE, IT'LL
BE FINE--

AH GEEZ--

HOLD
ON. EEL,
HOLD
ON!

HEY,
NO-FACE!
WE GOT DUCT
TAPE OR
SOMETHIN'?



EVERYTHING
IS GOING TO BE
JUST FINE.





YOU
PROMISED ME
A FACE.

AND
YOU'LL GET IT,
MAGAN.

BUT I DON'T
WANT *THAT* FACE.
LOOK AT IT! IT'S
MELTED. IT'S
RUINED.

JUST FIX
MY GODDAMN
MOLECULES AND
YOU'LL GET A
NICE NEW ONE,
OKAY?

WHAT IF THIS
DOESN'T FIX
ANYTHING?



IT
PROBABLY
WON'T.

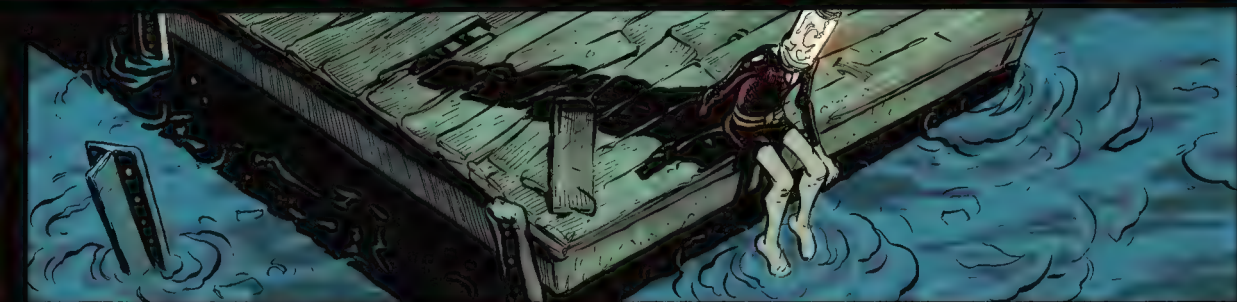
HOW AM I
THE ONLY ONE
TRYIN' TO LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT SIDE
WHEN I'M THE GUY
WITH HIS HEAD IN
A BAG?!

IT'S
ACTUALLY A
CANISTER.





JUST...
GIMME A
MINUTE.



I SAID
I NEED A
MINUTE,
DOC.

THE
ACCIDENT A
FEW YEARS AGO.
THE ONE THAT
INVOLVED MY
DAUGHTER.



WE'D ALL
GOTTEN TOGETHER
TO CELEBRATE A
RESEARCH GRANT WE'D
WON. MY HUSBAND WAS OUT
OF TOWN BUT THE PARTY
HAD CHILDCARE. HOW
THOUGHTFUL.



I DON'T
KNOW HOW
MUCH I HAD
TO DRINK. NOT A
LOT. THEY NEVER
TESTED ME AT
THE ACCIDENT
SCENE.

VERA...



WHEN
MY HUSBAND
SAID WE SHOULD
TAKE HER OFF
LIFE SUPPORT,
I SAID NO.





I SCREAMED
AT HIM. I THINK
I THREW
SOMETHING.

I HAD TO
BE REMOVED
FROM THE
HOSPITAL.



WHEN
SHE PASSED,
I NEVER
FORGAVE
HIM.



EVEN
THOUGH
IT WAS MY
FAULT. ALL
OF IT.

WE'VE
BEEN DIVORCED
LONGER THAN
WE WERE
MARRIED.

YOU KNOW,
SOMETIMES
I STILL THINK I
CAN HEAR HER
SINGING IN THE
BEDROOM.



DON'T
LOSE YOUR
SON.

...I THINK
I ALREADY
DID.

HE
DOESN'T LOVE
YOU, LUKE. NOT
REALLY.

THAT
BOY CAN'T
GET YOU OUT OF
THIS, URANIUM. HIS
BLOODSTREAM
IS STILL FULL OF
THE CORNSTARCH
MENLO HIT
HIM WITH. NO
ELASTICITY.

YOUR FATHER
PROBABLY NEVER
LOVED YOU. AT BEST,
HE SEES YOU AS A
REFLECTION OF
HIMSELF.

BUT
IF HE CAN
SAVE YOU, THEN
PATRICK O'BRIAN
GETS TO PROVE
TO HIMSELF
HE'S A GOOD
FATHER.

HEY,
URANIUM,
CAN YOU
DO ME A
FAVOR?

AND IT WILL
MIRACULOUSLY
MAKE UP FOR ALL
THE TIMES HE'S
FAILED YOU IN
YOUR LIFE.



WHHRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRR

SHUT
THE FUCK
UP.

JESUS!
IS HE
DEAD?

NO. JUST
ENRICHED.

AND A
HELLUVA LOT
QUIETER.



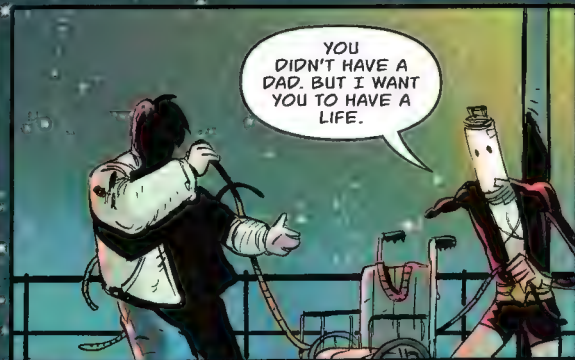
C'MON, SON.
IT'S TIME TO
GET IN THAT
CAGE.

NO!



OKAY.
LISTEN
TO ME.

I WALKED
AWAY FROM YOU
A LONG TIME
AGO.



YOU
DIDN'T HAVE A
DAD. BUT I WANT
YOU TO HAVE A
LIFE.



YOUR LIFE
GETS TO BE
DIFFERENT.



AND
IF WE
PULL THIS
OFF...



...MAYBE I
CAN BE THE FATHER
YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN
TO HAVE YET. IF IT'S
NOT TOO LATE.

BUT IT'S UP
TO YOU, LUKE. I
WON'T FORCE
YOU.





C'MON,
LUKE. IT'S
TIME TO WALK
AWAY.



NO.
WE'RE GONNA
GO THROUGH
WITH THIS.

WHAT?
LUKE--

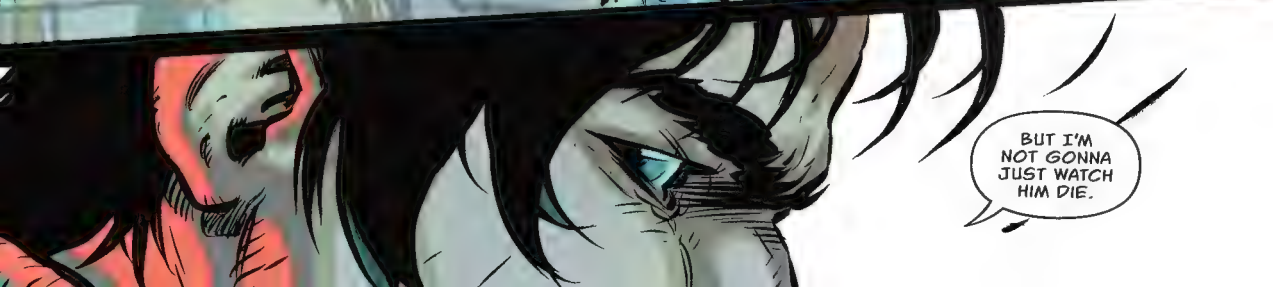


I'M
SORRY,
ROBIN.

CORNSTARCH
WORE OFF.



MY DAD'S A
DEADBEAT.



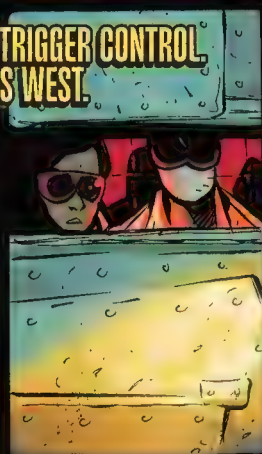
BUT I'M
NOT GONNA
JUST WATCH
HIM DIE.



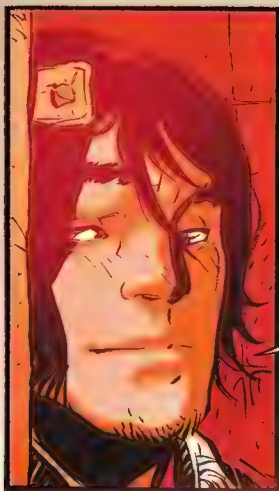




REMOTE TRIGGER CONTROL.
2.5 MILES WEST.



T-MINUS SIXTY
SECONDS.



WAIT...

...YOU DID
BRING ME
HERE ONCE
BEFORE.



I DID...?

T-MINUS FIFTY
SECONDS.



OH, YEAH...
I REMEMBER
NOW...

T-MINUS FORTY
SECONDS.

WE HAD
A GOOD
TIME.



WE HAD
GOOD TIMES,
LUKE.

THEY
WEREN'T ALL
BAD.

T-MINUS
THIRTY
SECONDS.

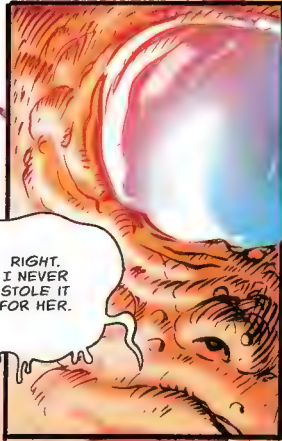
LIKE
THESE...LITTLE
SPARKLES OF
LIGHT IN THE
DARKNESS.

THIS
WHOLE...SOLAR
SYSTEM OF LIFE...THE
THREE OF US JUST
ORBITING EACH
OTHER...

T-MINUS
TWENTY
SECONDS.

...WHETHER
WE WANTED TO
OR NOT.





IF I GOT
YOU KILLED...I
DON'T THINK I'D EVER
FORGIVE MYSELF. EVEN
IF I WAS DEAD, TOO.
BESIDES...

TEN.

...TOO
MANY HAVE DIED
ALREADY.

NINE.

YOU
DON'T NEED ME,
LUKE. YOU DID ONCE
UPON A TIME, BUT I
WASN'T THERE.

EIGHT.

NOW YOU
CAN SAVE
YOURSELF.

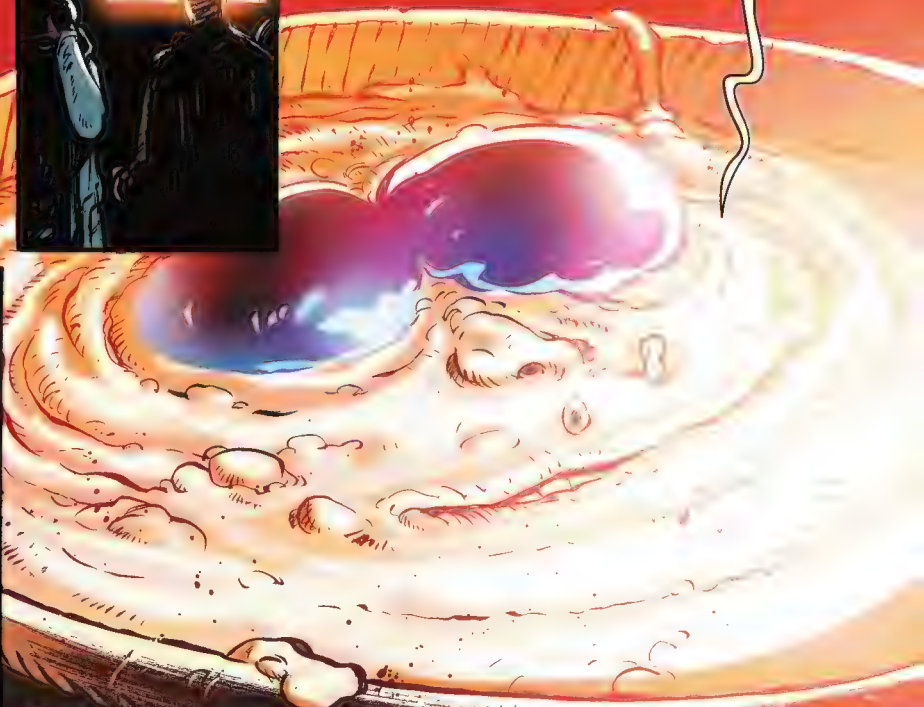
SEVEN.

FROM
ME.

SIX.

FIVE.





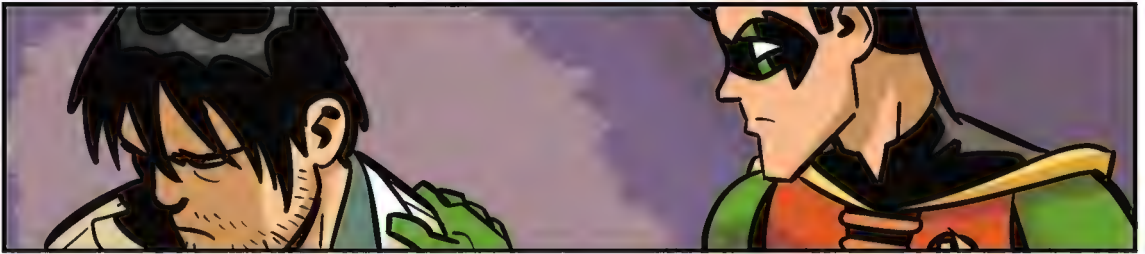


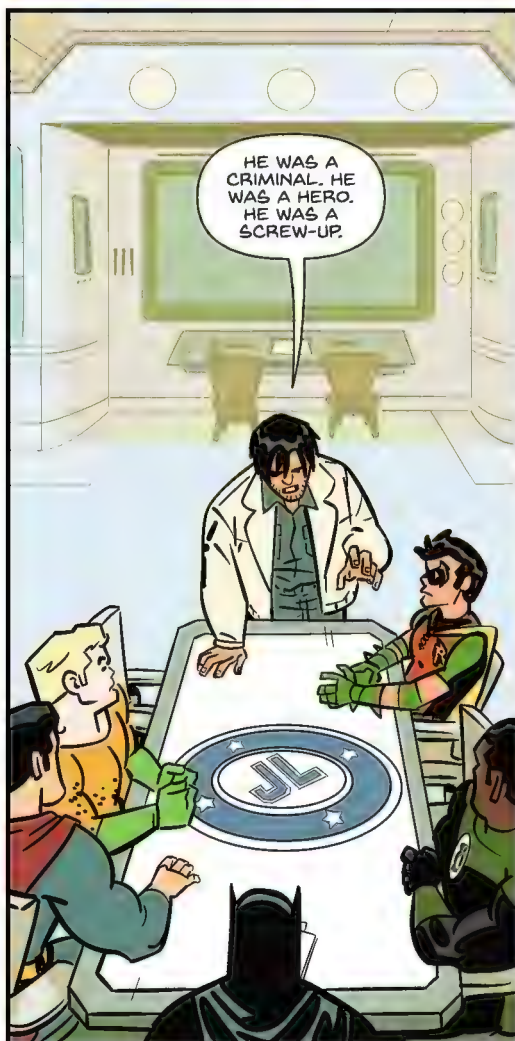
WE'LL
TAKE A
CUP...

"...OF
KINDNESS
YET..."

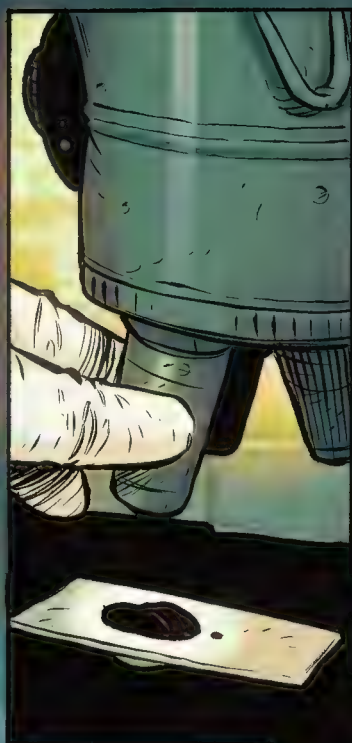
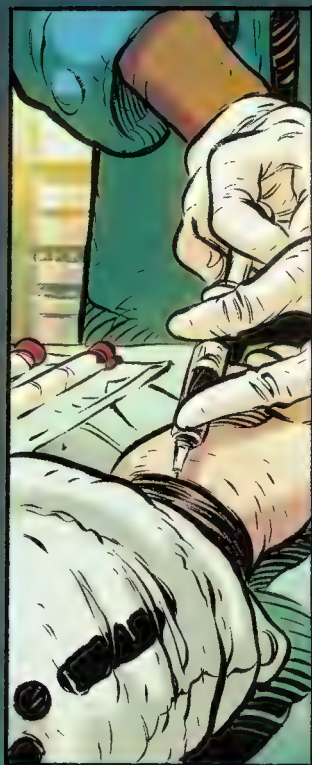
"...FOR
AULD LANG
SYNE..."











NO SIGNS OF
DEPOLYMERIZATION. NO
CELLULAR DEGENERATION
OF ANY KIND, FOR NOW.
I WOULD SUGGEST
YOU GET CHECKED
REGULARLY.

OKAY.
THANKS,
DOC.

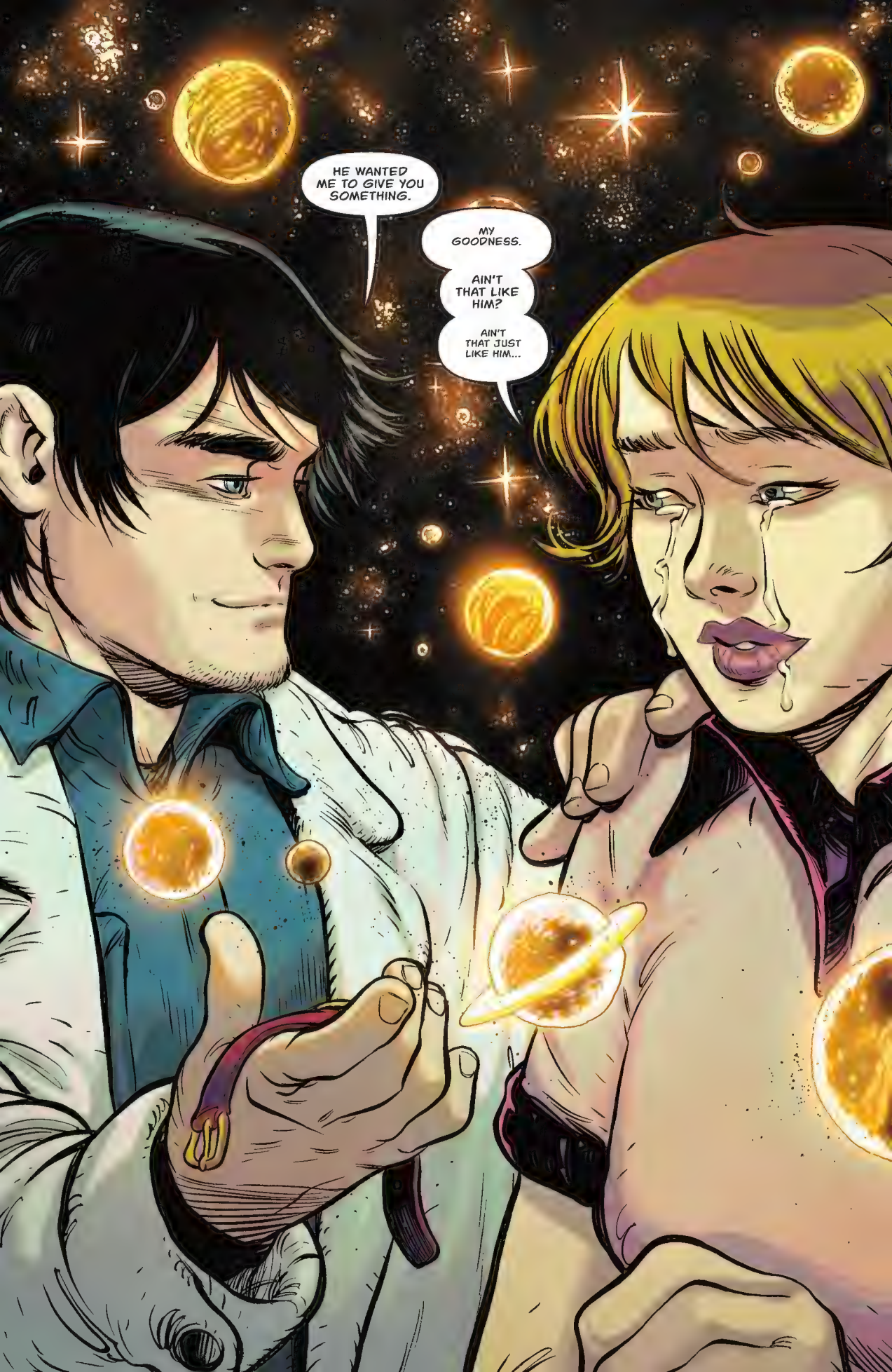
LUKE.
ARE YOU
GOING TO
BE OKAY?

NO.
YOU?

NO.





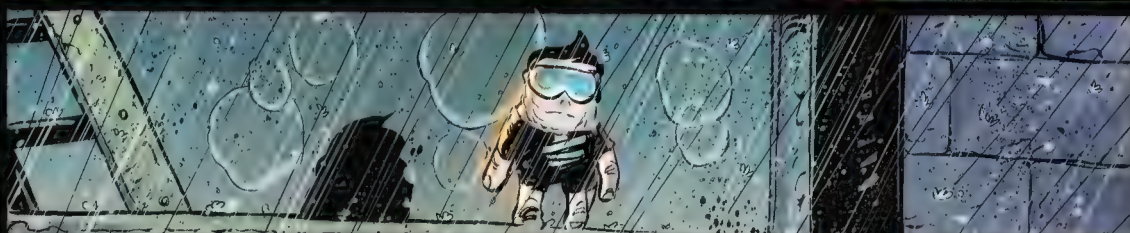


HE WANTED
ME TO GIVE YOU
SOMETHING.

MY
GOODNESS.

AIN'T
THAT LIKE
HIM?

AIN'T
THAT JUST
LIKE HIM...



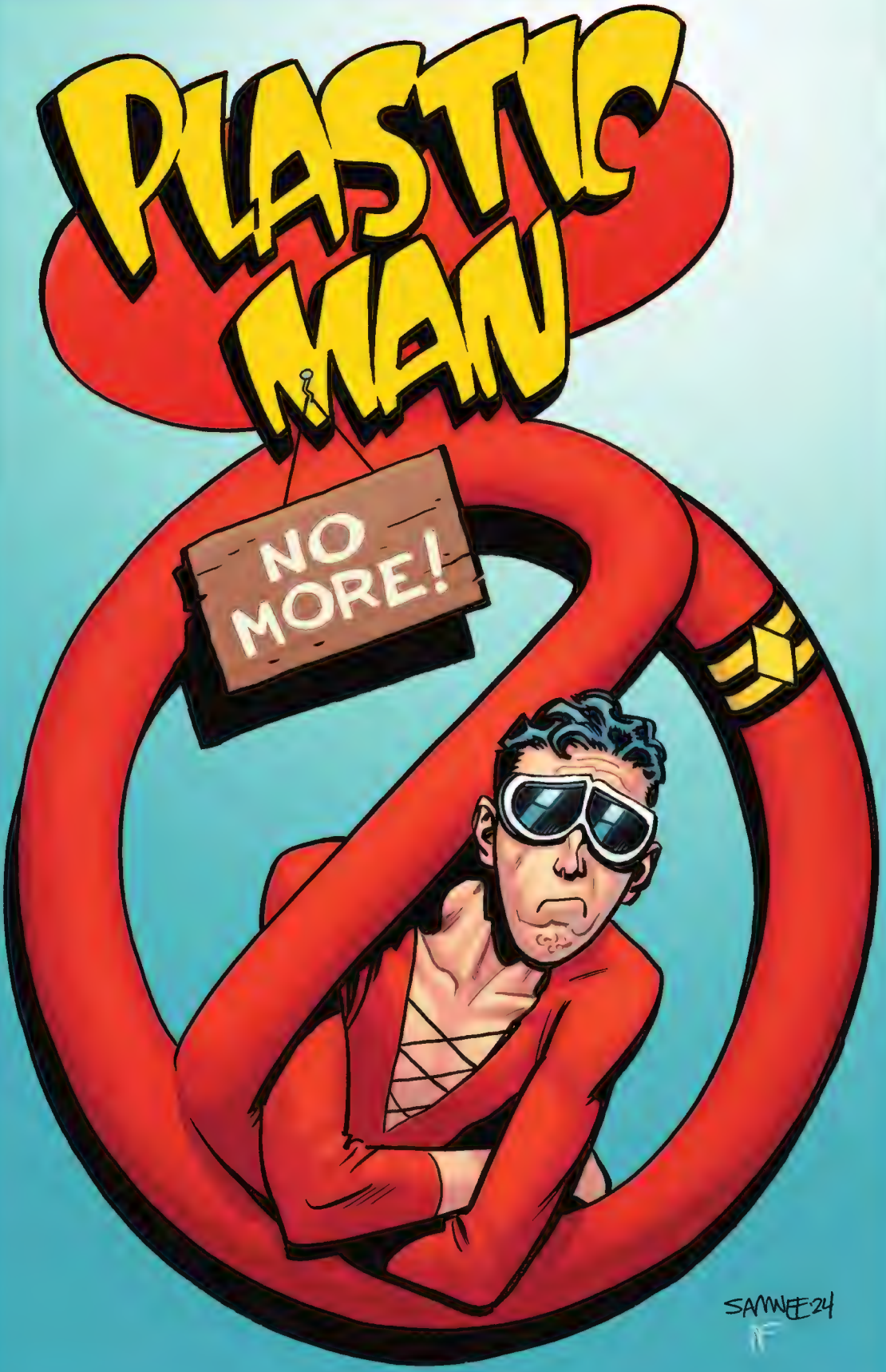
THE
END?



PLASTIC MAN NO MORE!

COVER GALLERY



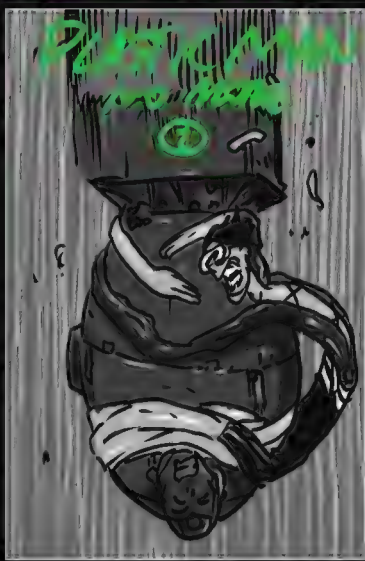
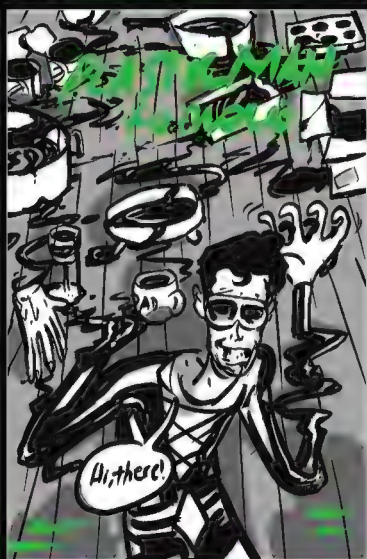


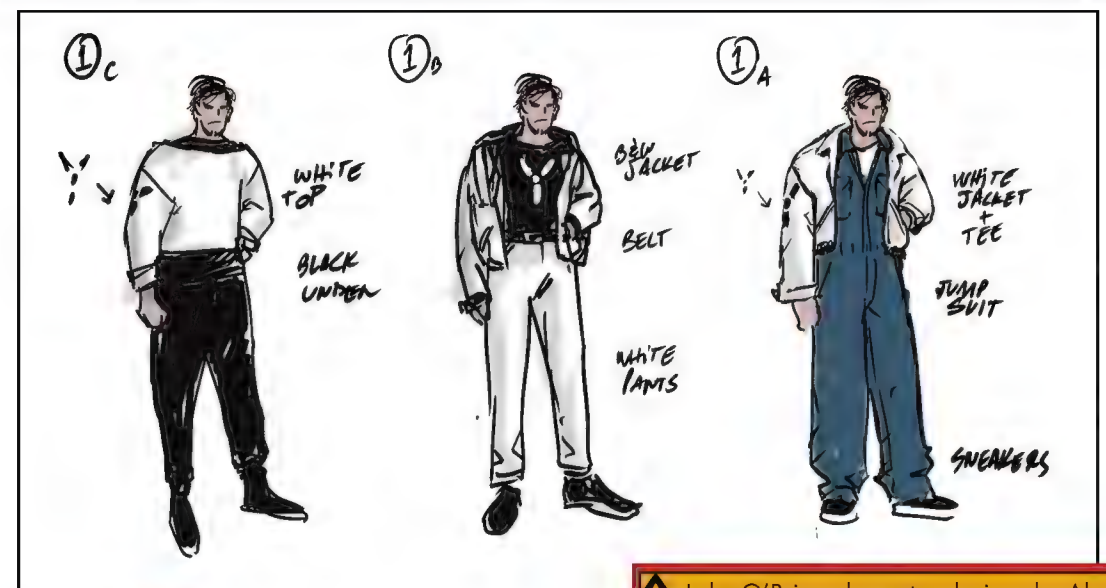




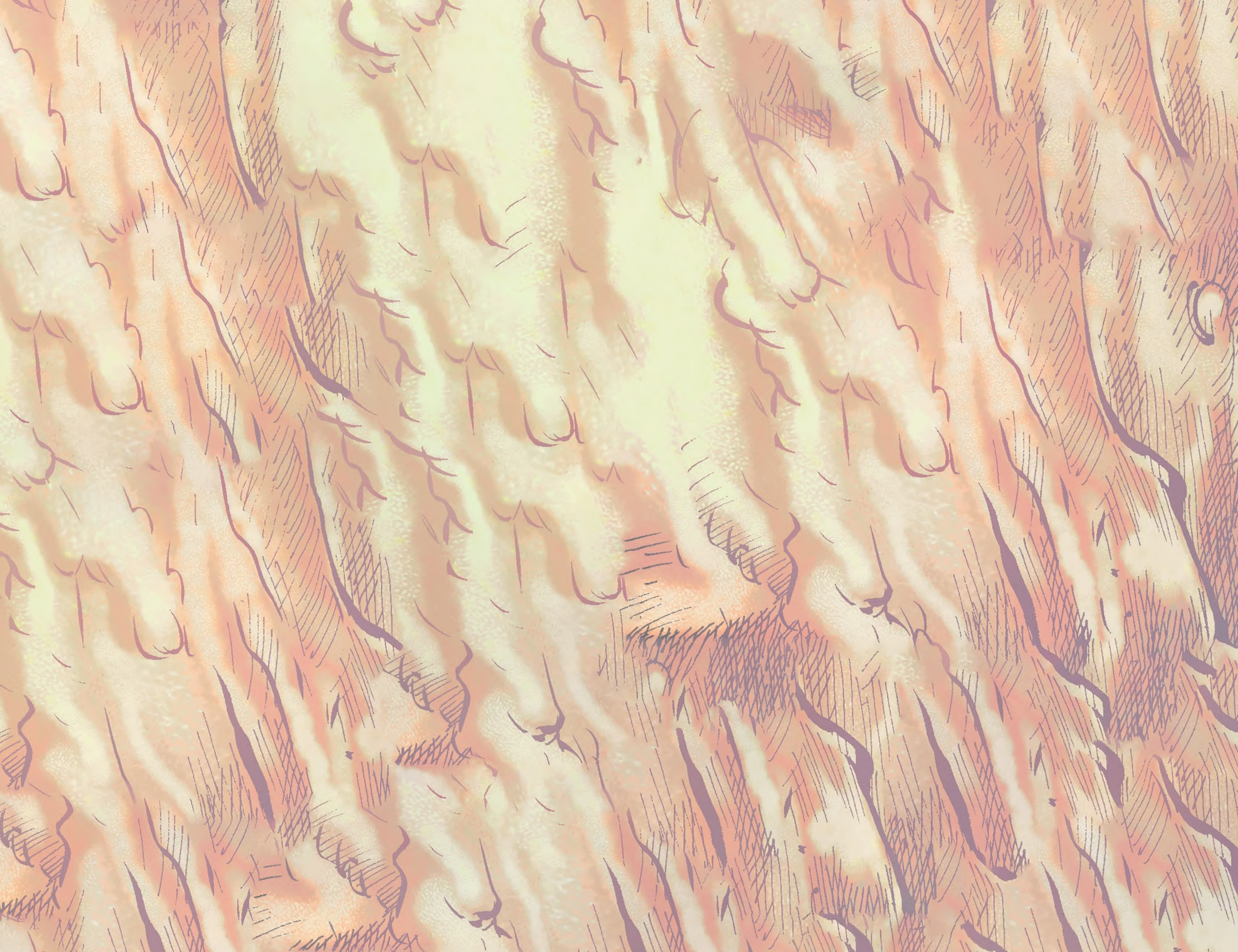














GET
YOURSELF
CHECKED
OUT, PATRICK.
YOUR BAG'S
FULL.



KAMIC RIDER MARIKA